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Bad Day L.A.

Taking Down Tinseltown

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MLS Preview, Masters Golf,
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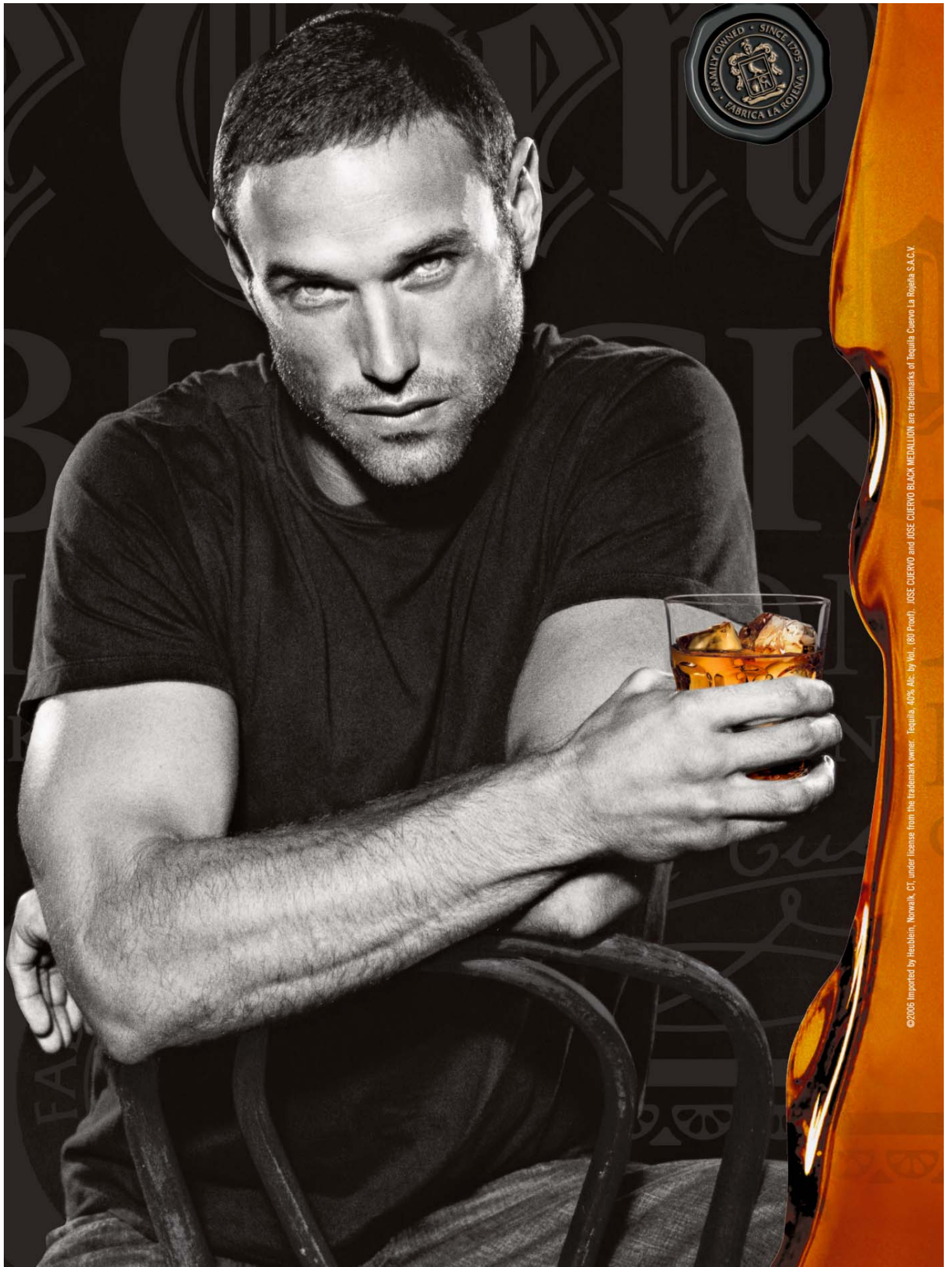


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REVIEWS



Drive-By Truckers

» **A Blessing and a Curse**
(New West) ★★★★★

Though there are more country-radio stations in the U.S. than rock or hip-hop stations, many people don't think it's cool to love country rock. Luckily, big-name artists, such as Ryan Adams, Big & Rich, and the late Johnny Cash, give these people the excuse they need. These musicians helped pave the way for Alabama's genre-

benders the Drive-By Truckers. Part Seger, part Springsteen, and a little honky-tonk thrown in for good measure, the Truckers prove once again that they are experts at crafting lyrically rich, heartbreaking songs that aren't "achy breaky," and writing believable, hard-living characters. After six records, we love them for their refusal to conform to what's commonly thought of as rock or country.

Penthouse Pick: "Easy on Yourself"

NOTABLE MENTIONS

NOFX
Wolves in Wolves' Clothing
(Fat Wreck)

Test Icicles
For Screening Purposes Only
(Domino)

Rob Zombie
Educated Horses
(Geffen)

Your girlfriend might like: Pink
I'm Not Dead
(La Face)

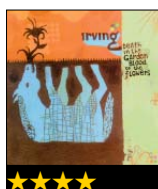


★★★★★

Mates of State

Bring It Back
(Barsuk)

The fourth record from this husband-and-wife duo evokes a light and airy indie-rock sound. The upbeat, piano-driven songs are complemented by Kori's vocals (she sounds like a young Liz Phair), which make this sonically sound.

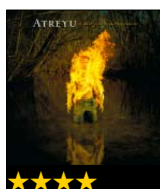


★★★★★

Irving

Death in the Garden, Blood on the Flowers
(Eenie Meenie)

This indie-pop band from L.A. takes a dip in the garage-rock pool on their newest album, giving us electronically influenced songs peppered with jangly guitars and melodramatic lyrics.



★★★★★

Atreyu

A Deathgrip on Yesterday
(Victory)

Atreyu's melodic, hardcore style is more metal than emo on this short (but sweet) record. The sludgy riffs will make you show off your best air guitar, and the record's good enough that we'll forgive their onstage choreography.

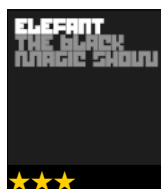


★★★★★

Anti-Flag

For Blood and Empire
(RCA)

These punk revivalists return with another energetic, political record. This time it's on a—gasp—major label. Don't worry: The corporate machine didn't stop A-F from sharing their feelings on our involvement in the Middle East.



★★★★★

Elefant

The Black Magic Show
(Hollywood)

If you're a fan of Interpol or early Depeche Mode, you'll enjoy the new-wave style of frontman Diego Garcia. With each progressive record this New York band gets better, and proves they're not just another Strokes imitation.

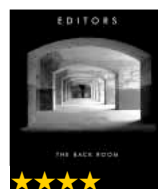


★★★★★

Rock Kills Kid

Are You Nervous?
(Reprise)

Imagine a record that sounds like an improved version of U2's *Pop*: electronic beats, irresistible hooks, and vocals that ache with emotion. Ignore the fact that they've been labeled pop-punk and everything will be okay.



★★★★★

Editors

The Back Room
(Fader/Kitchenware)

R.E.M.-meets-the Cure in this explosive debut record. Though the second half drags a bit, the upbeat first half features outstanding songs like "Lights" and "Munich." It's no surprise this record is already a hit in the U.K.



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SCREAMING MY LUNGS OUT

Tired of wrenching your voice and coughing up blood, just to get **the perfect, primal, rock 'n' roll scream?**

Music editor Rebecca Swanner gets a hardcore vocal coach to show her how it's done.

» Ever since I started listening to metal and hardcore, I've thought it would be awesome to be able to belt out lyrics like Dimmu Borgir or Give Up the Ghost. But every time I tried, my throat burned and I couldn't carry anything that resembled a tune. That's before I met Melissa Cross.

Cross, a professional vocal coach, has helped countless musicians—from Thursday to Andrew W.K. to Every Time I Die—learn how to scream without hurting their voices.

When you're singing like there's gravel in your windpipe night after night, your vocal cords bang together furiously. This can lead to sore throats, scar tissue, and surgery. Cross teaches screamers to sing with their "false cords," which are located next to the actual vocal cords. When you use these falsies properly, you'll feel the larynx rise in your throat, and a slight buzzing in your head. This technique produces the appropriate guttural sounds without killing your voice. However, learning to scream without screaming takes work. Inside her studio, the bubbly, redheaded master of *The Zen of Screaming* taught me how.

First I'd need to learn to use my diaphragm to control my breathing. This would allow me to forcefully project my voice, and provide some reserve air so I wouldn't have to gulp between lines. Next I'd train my brain to allow the sound to come from my false cords when I screamed.

For this, Cross has a method she calls singing "above the pencil." I gripped an unsharpened No. 2 between my front teeth and attempted to use my false cords to propel a sound that "flowed over the top of the pencil."

"God!" she said.
"That was frightening. It was like something from *The Exorcism of Emily Rose*."

Cross demonstrated how I was supposed to sound. "Think creaky door! Think Marge Simpson!" She sounded like a pterodactyl. I didn't sound like much.

I'm not used to raising my voice so high, and I squeaked and cracked like a teenage boy. Finally, she suggested I try imitating an old cat. Since I have one at home, this image worked. I screeched out an awful, awesome noise. Cross nodded and laughed.

"God!" she said. "That was frightening. It was like something from *The Exorcism of Emily Rose*."

While I was able to make the noise softly, it faltered every time I tried to push it louder. Enough with the scream: I wanted to try death metal.

Cross told me to bark like a dog. *Woof!* "Now try barking the alphabet." I started to bark my ABC's, and finally my voice sounded like something on a record. After a few letters, she said, "I usually have my

students do jumping jacks along with these." Instead of counting along, I jumped and shouted in my three-inch heels. One of my friends watching the lesson said, "You sound like Cookie Monster."

After two and a half hours of training, I left Cross's studio, throat intact. Although I hadn't yet mastered the gritty hardcore scream, I could make my voice rumble with the power of a fledgling death-metal vocalist. Or a Muppet. "Me want cookie!"

Melissa Cross's DVD, *The Zen of Screaming*, is out now. For advanced screaming, look for her second DVD this summer. MelissaCross.com

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Budds Creek, MD

*Drift TBA



June 3-4
Gateway Intl Raceway
Madison, IL (St Louis)

*Drift TBA



July 8-9
Rockingham Dragway
Rockingham, NC

*Drift TBA



July 22-23
New York Intl Raceway Park
Leicester, NY

*Drift TBA



July 29-30
Atco Raceway
Atco, NJ

*Drift TBA

August 5-6
New England Dragway
Epping, NH

*Drift TBA



August 26-27
Maryland Intl Raceway Drift Expo
Budds Creek, MD

*Drift TBA



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REVIEWS

Unhappiness Hotel

» It's all fun
and games
when someone
loses an eye.

In director Eli Roth's *Hostel* (\$29), a couple of college students travel to a former Eastern Bloc country looking for extreme hedonism. What they find is extreme pain, as guests become cadavers at the hands of sadistic businessmen. Caveat emptor, because this is not a film for anyone with a weak stomach.



Magic: The Blathering

At this year's Golden Globes, we were surprised that the tribute to Anthony Hopkins included the seventies horror flick *Magic* (\$20). It's the unintentionally funny tale of a ventriloquist who loses his mind to his dummy and goes on a killing spree. Hopkins is so young and thin that he's almost unrecognizable, and Burgess Meredith kicks ass in a supporting role.



THINK INSIDE THE BOX

M*A*S*H
Notes

Not the TV show, but part of **The Robert Altman Collection** (\$40), which includes the DVD premiere of the much racier movie version, as well as **A Perfect Couple**, **Quintet**, and **A Wedding**. Altman recorded a commentary for **M*A*S*H**, and each film has a behind-the-scenes featurette.

STAND-UP
GUYS

Comedian Patton Oswalt has **No Reason to Complain** now that his hilarious DVD is out.... Dave Attell's **Insomniac Tour Uncensored** will keep you up all night drinking ... er ... laughing.... And enjoy a little retro David Spade in his first HBO comedy special, 1998's **Take the Hit** (\$20 each).



Monkeying Around

The new 14-disc **Planet of the Apes** package (\$180) includes the entire series of films (excluding the one with Marky Mark), plus the full run of the animated television series. You may think of that as overkill—and you'd be right—but considering the ensuing cheesiness the Charlton Heston original inspired, it's kind of appropriate.

PSP UPDATE



Put some low-budget high comedy in your pocket with the releases of **The Toxic Avenger** and **Cannibal! The Musical** (Trey Parker and Matt Stone's pre-*South Park* collaboration). Also new are **Dude, Where's My Car?**, **NBA Hardwood Classics: Michael Jordan—His Airness**, and **NBA Furious Finishes** (\$20 each).

Brooks
Others

The new Mel Brooks set (\$100) features eight of the comedy legend's irreverent flicks, including some of his best: **Blazing Saddles**, **High Anxiety**, **Silent Movie**, and **Young Frankenstein** (in a new widescreen transfer). *The Producers* may be making Brooks a shitload of cash, but these films show why he's a master.



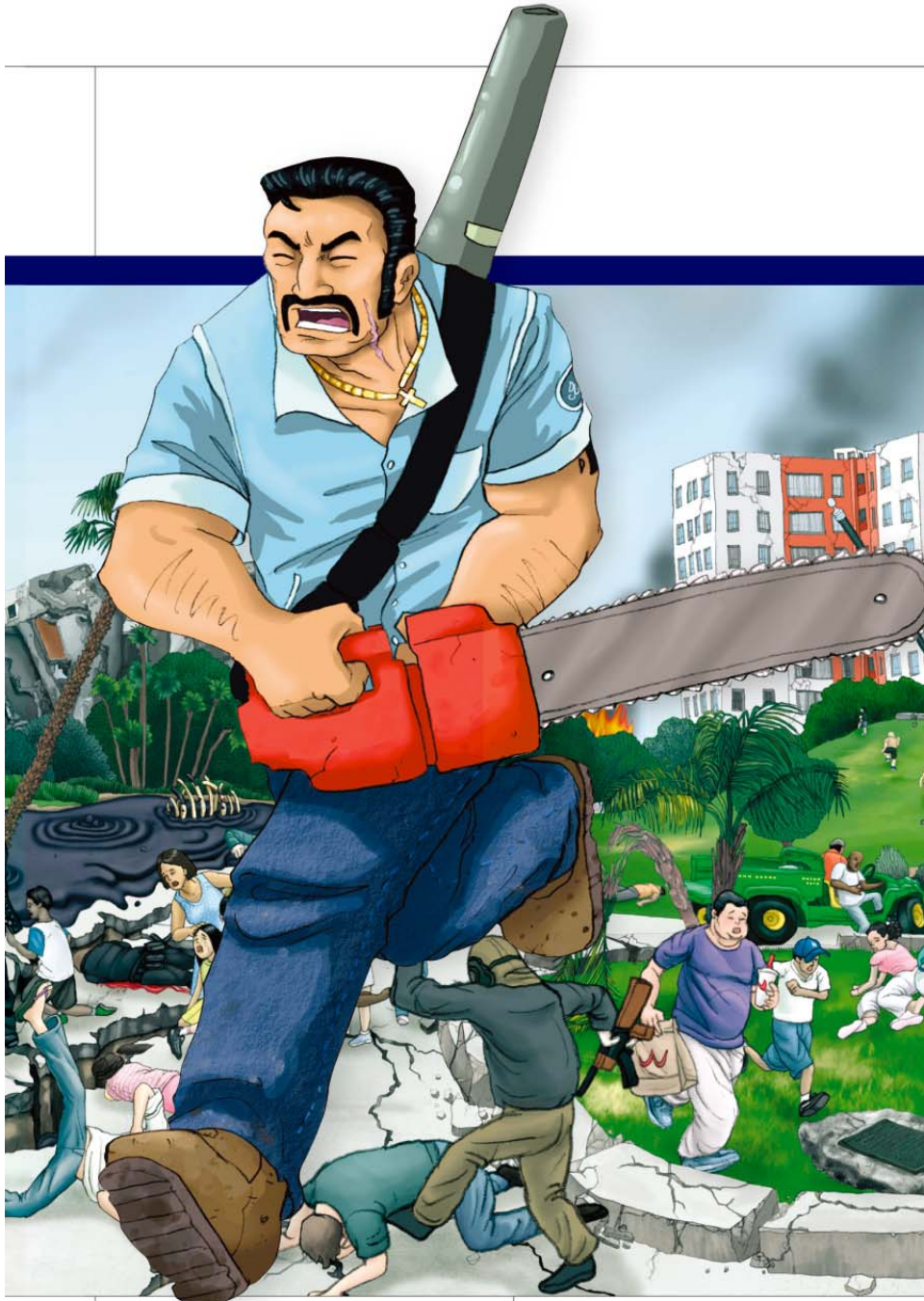
BEAUTIFUL DISASTER



American Ingenuity

» For the world's most eclectic game designer, a *Bad Day* is about to be his finest hour.

American McGee: innovator, game designer, former hippie. This emigrant Texan, who now lives in Hong Kong, has cultivated a reputation for pushing the gaming envelope since he started designing titles like *Quake* and *Doom*. For the most part, McGee's fearless style has served him well, and gamers have been rewarded with titles like Electronic Arts' cult hit, *Alice*. Now the most original man in the industry has his own media production company and two upcoming fairy-tale projects: *Oz* and *Grimm*. His newest title is a political comedy adventure called *Bad Day L.A.*



So, this game is about a homeless guy saving the people of Los Angeles after disaster strikes?

Imagine *The Day After Tomorrow* headed by Dave Chappelle. The premise is all of our worst fears coming true in one day. The point of [it is] to show the ridiculous nature of being afraid of all these things.

What's the protagonist like?

There's a little bit of Buddhist monk in him. There are philosophies in the world that believe if you have no possessions and no burden of modern life, then you have no fear. He has nothing to fear, because he has nothing to lose.

Was he based on anyone you know?

Part of his dialogue is loosely based on a

friend of mine who used to end every sentence with "and shit." He'd be like, "Yo, man, we're going to go down to the club and shit." It would crack me up.

What inspired this game?

I started to notice billboards with bizarre [messages, such as,] "You're either with us, or you're against us." They made me realize that I have to speak out in any way I can. And the only way I can in any valid fashion is to do what I do—make games.

Have you always been interested in politics?

I was never really politically aware or active until after 9/11. I started to read more than what was being presented on Fox or CNN, and I read between the

lines. It started to make me feel a little bit angry and a little bit helpless.

What is the game's message?

The first message is, "The only thing to fear is fear itself." The other message is, "We're the only ones who can help ourselves."

The game deals with violence in a unique way.

It's actually anti-violence. You've got guns, but [there is a] threat advisory bar to tell you when things are becoming too chaotic. There is classic gameplay—running around, shooting zombies, stuff like that—but on top of that is the idea of chaos control and chaos management. If you don't help out, you'll die.

What inspired you to design games?

When I got my job at id [Software], it was by chance. It was almost like something reached down, plucked me up, and was like, "Okay, you're going to go make video games now."

Do you think working outside the video-game world has helped you?

I think it might have. There's not a game console in my house. I don't play games. When I was thinking about *Bad Day L.A.*, I was thinking more about the story and the comedy of it than anything else. I think [outside] influences can be detrimental.

Is that why *Bad Day L.A.* doesn't follow the current trends found in free-roaming titles like *Grand Theft Auto*?


From a story perspective, even when a game claims to be nonlinear, it still has a beginning, middle, and end. *Bad Day L.A.* has a linear story arc, but you have options of where to go and what to do. Nonlinear storytelling doesn't exist

anywhere that I know of. Not even in life. [For example,] dinner is very linear—you [wouldn't] pick up a wine bottle and bash the guy sitting next to you on the head.

Is it true that you're trying to create a film version of *Bad Day L.A.*?

We are. A well-known comedy animation writer took the story I wrote and adapted it. We want it to be live action. Think of *Scary Movie*, or *Don't Be a Menace to South Central While Drinking Your Juice in the Hood*.

What else are you working on?

I'm writing the screenplay for *Oz*. Writing a movie with the [Jerry] Bruckheimer people is very interesting. I'm not saying it's bad—it's just very different for me. 

BEST IN SHOW



★★★★★

» The Legend of Zelda: Twilight Princess

(GC) Nintendo



The trailer alone has made grown geeks cry. *The Legend of Zelda* has always been an entertaining franchise that's elicited nail-biting anxiety, but this time the game is even more intense. Originally slated for release in time for the 2005 holiday season, *Twilight Princess* was delayed until this month, giving developers time to add even more substance. Now that all the waiting is done, what should you expect? First, Link has shed his cartoon image from 2003's *The Wind Waker* and is looking like a mature elf. Second, expect some great adventure, à la fighting on horseback, magical forest encounters, and shadowy figures. One thing that hasn't changed is the controls, which are nearly the same as those for *Wind Waker*. So grab a sword and some pointy shoes, and get ready for the best gaming action this year.



I Am Elf, Hear Me Roar

How does the elfin race feel about its depiction in *The Legend of Zelda*? According to pointy-eared musician Mortiiis, it's just another case of elf-sploitation.

What do you think about the way elves are portrayed in video games?

Video games are created by the watery ghouls of the circle of the 12 baboons. They are a bunch of liars and do-no-gooders, and I wouldn't touch any of them with a ten-foot elfin pole. Not even for a pot of gold. They make fast cash off elves like me. However, since it is my solemn duty to check these video games for any untruths, I occasionally play them. This



sometimes results in broken controllers, consoles, and TV sets.

What are your thoughts on Link?

He's a fucking pussy.

Have you enjoyed any video games featuring elves?

On a strictly scientific, elfin level, the *Final Fantasy* games have gained points.

Is it hard to grip the controller with your talon-like hands?

They're part of the Mortiiis curse that was cast upon me many moons ago.

You just released a new album, *The Grudge*, and a live DVD, *Soul in a Hole*. Is your music traditionally elfin?

Apart from the elf sampler I use, I do music that isn't typical of what you hear every day on elf radio or in the elf clubs. It's like the music of an epic movie with dark undertones—though in a very elfin fashion.

Would you ever write music for a video game?

As long as it's not baboon-related, I'm up for it.—Paul Semel

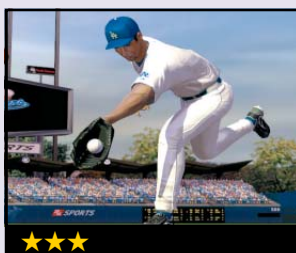
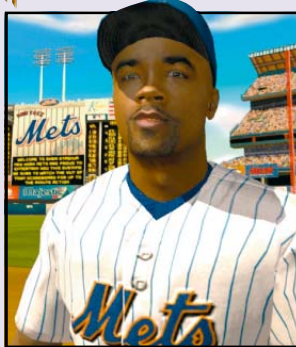
REVIEWS



NBA Ballers: Phenom

(Xbox, PS2) Midway

A sports-based role-playing game? What's next? A *Mario Bros.* first-person shooter? In the second *Ballers* title, you get to play on gritty street courts and in a handful of mansions, including rapper Ludacris's crib. Raise money to buy tickets and collect items that are scattered throughout your baller world. This is the first sports game with a developed RPG element, and though combining the genres sounds a bit weird, *Ballers* pulls it off without being cheesy or letting the basketball action suffer.



Major League Baseball 2K6

(Xbox 360, Xbox, PS2) 2K Sports

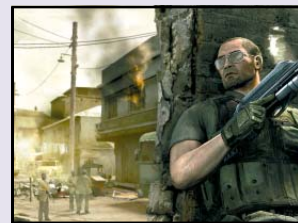
Every year, there's an influx of baseball titles. But with the exception of player trades, the games don't vary much. To make this version more exciting, *MLB 2K6* has made a major improvement: letting gamers finesse batting with the analog stick, which gives you more control and power over your Louisville Slugger. Also, you can impact your team's morale by challenging the umpire on calls and changing the roster. Want to dash your team's hopes? Trade all your best players to your biggest rival. Right, Larry Lucchino?



Tourist Trophy: The Real Riding Simulator

(PS2) SCEA

For years, motorcycle enthusiasts watched in envy as four-wheeled racing games stole the high-speed spotlight. While car geeks were treated to titles like *Gran Turismo 4* and *Project Gotham Racing 3*, bikers got the leftovers. Now, with help from the team behind *GT4*, it looks like they're finally getting their due. Though there's no multiplayer action and you can't fully customize your bike, you *can* race more than 100 motorcycles—including Ducatis, BMWs, and Triumphs—at tracks around the world.



Splinter Cell: Double Agent

(Xbox 360, Xbox, PS2) Ubisoft

We can barely find the bathroom in the middle of the night, so we can't imagine how Sam Fisher must feel now that he has to stalk the enemy without his night-vision goggles. In this episode, Fisher infiltrates a terrorist cell and carries out missions for both the terrorists and the CIA, while you make the moral choices that affect his success and the game's ending. Besides exciting ethical issues, there's plenty of gunplay, and a scene where you get to rappel down the atrium of Shanghai's tallest building.

OFF-SCREEN

I Am 8-Bit

If you're kicking back in Southern California between April 18 and May 19, don't miss the return of the "I Am 8-Bit" art show. Last year the exhibit featured quirky art inspired by Mario, Pac-Man, Kirby, Mega Man, and Q*Bert. If you crave original video-game art, or just some inspiration to get off the couch, this might be the event. If sitting is your thing, order the book *I Am 8-Bit: Art Inspired by Classic Videogames of the '80s*. IAm8Bit.net



USE YOUR THUMBS



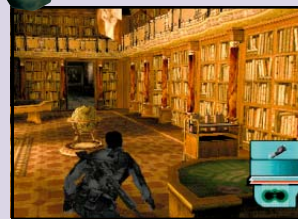
New Super Mario Bros.
(DS) Nintendo

Your favorite portly plumber and his beanpole brother are back this year in the first 2-D Mario title since *Super Mario World*. The game, which has the feel of classic titles like *Super Mario 3*, is filled with desert worlds, underwater levels, and more koopas than you can toss a fireball at. Link up with a buddy and double your brotherly action by playing as both Mario and Luigi.



Me and My Katamari
(PSP) Namco

Don't be fooled by *Katamari's* kiddie looks: The cult series is a not-so-cleverly disguised acid trip. Remember Amsterdam? It's like that, but without the seven-hour flight and all the obnoxious American tourists. The premise is essentially the same as the console versions: Roll your sticky Katamari ball around each world, picking up everything you can.



Syphon Filter: Dark Mirror
(PSP) SCEA

Gabe Logan is back. For this PSP title, the stealth agent—who has almost as many toys as James Bond—returns in his first feature game since the original PlayStation was in vogue. In this third-person shooter, your artillery-heavy missions will take you around the world, from Alaska to Russia, as you dismantle the plans of the terrorist insurgency you're fighting.

DIGITAL VIXEN



Name:	Lara Croft
Birthplace:	London, England
Height:	5'9"
Weight:	130 lbs.
Birthday:	Valentine's Day
Turn-ons:	Dual nine-millimeter pistols, teeny-tiny shorts
Turnoffs:	Competing tomb raiders, unsolvable puzzles
Favorite weapons:	Desert Eagle, Uzi, shotgun
Fun fact:	The brown-eyed beauty is the Duchess of Saint Bridget, and she's also fluent in a dozen languages.
See her in:	<i>Tomb Raider: Legend</i> (Xbox 360, PS2, PC)

DRINKSMANSHIP

Well Versed in Thirst



Sipping Point

It would be a crime to let the best tequila in Mexico waste away in Margaritaville.

When most people think of Mexico's national drink, they envision frat boys doing shooters at the Sigma Chi house, then going out for a night of car tipping. While that may be true of lesser tequila, there's a whole other class that's made for savoring instead of slugging.

The finest *añejos* ("aged" in Spanish) are made from 100 percent blue agave plants, and must rest in oak barrels for at least a year. Tequilas that aren't all blue agave have added sugar—the culprit behind the drink's legendary hangover.

So forget about shot glasses on your next trip to Mexico, and drink tequila the way the locals do: one sip at a time.

Cuervo Reserva de la Familia (\$100)

Since 1995, José Cuervo has been packaging its finest tequila in handcrafted wooden boxes painted by renowned Mexican artists. This year's artist is Betsabee Romero. Don't worry—you don't have to know Betsabee from a burrito to enjoy what's in the box. Aged for at least three years, Reserva only uses the sweetest agave heart, or *piña*, to create a dark tequila that has hints of vanilla, oak, and chocolate—as well as a never-ending finish.

Don Julio 1942 (\$125)

Named after legendary tequila maker Don Julio Gonzalez and the year he opened his first distillery, this *añejo* is aged for two and a half years in American oak barrels. An International Review of Spirits gold-medal winner, this amber tequila is double distilled, making it one of the smoothest on the market.

Milagro Select Barrel Reserva Añejo (\$90)

Three is the magic number for this dark-amber tequila. It's triple distilled and aged three years in single oak barrels to ensure complexity. But the tequila's container might get the most attention: It's a handblown crystal bottle that has a glass agave plant inside.

Patrón Añejo (\$65)

Patrón, the most recognized top-shelf tequila brand today, is made strictly from Weber Tequilana Blue Agave plants. These produce a higher-quality "honey" than other agave varieties. Unlike most *añejos*, Patrón is a blend of different-aged tequilas, which creates a big, bold libation full of earthy and oaky flavors.



El Tesoro Añejo (\$60)

Master distiller Don Felipe roams his agave fields to personally select each plant used in producing his tequila. The result is aged for two to three years in American oak bourbon barrels in Felipe's humidity-controlled cellars. Then the liquid is distilled to exactly 80 proof—so there's no need to ever dilute this amber spirit.

Sauza Tres Generaciones Añejo (\$50)

Created in honor of the Sauza family's three generations of tequila makers, this añejo is aged for up to three years in single-use bourbon oak barrels. The bourbon-saturated oak infuses more flavor than other brands, which are aged in overused barrels. A sip starts with Sauza's signature, brown-sugar kick before riding off on a peppery finish.

Corzo Reposado (\$65)

Corzo Reposado has enough depth to hang with the finest añejo. It gets its exceptional quality through a "heart of hearts" process that uses only the best part of the agave—a sort of filet mignon of the plant. That process forces Corzo to use

twice as many agaves as other premium tequilas. After aging the liquor in two different barrels, Corzo employs "sparging" before bottling—a technique that infuses air bubbles into the tequila, allowing it to breathe.

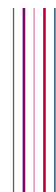
Herradura Añejo (\$60)

Herradura's complexity is often likened to the world's finest whiskies or cognacs. The most mature agave plants are cooked in traditional clay ovens and aged for more than two years to produce a gold liquid with a deceptively mild aroma and spicy, full-bodied finish.

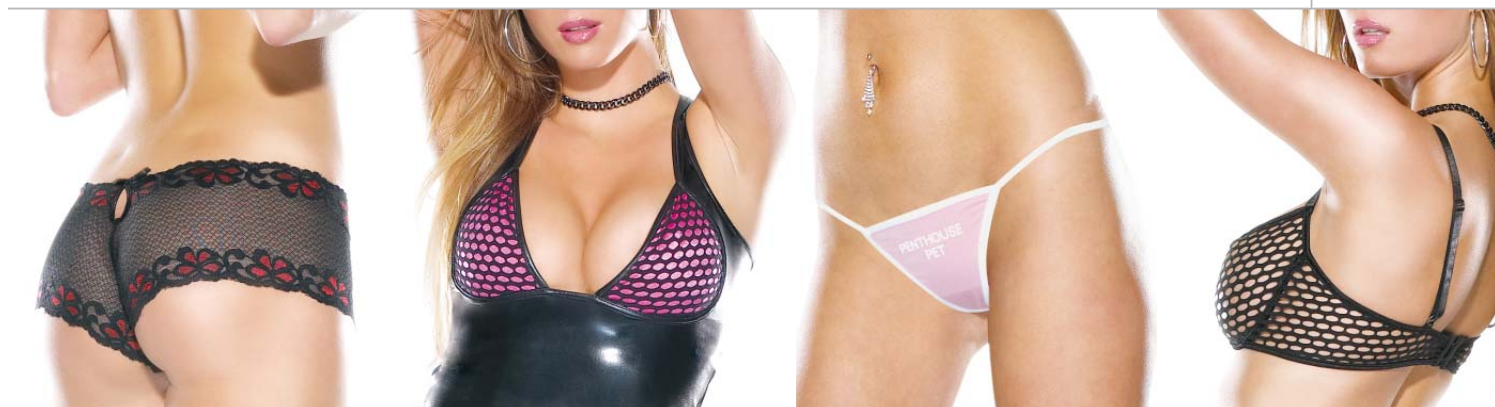
Casa Noble Extra Aged Añejo (\$95)

Limited to 12,000 bottles per year, Casa Noble comes in black porcelain bottles that are hand-painted in 18-karat gold. Casa Noble is aged for an impressive five years in French white-oak barrels, and is sweeter than tequilas aged in bourbon barrels. Strong flavors of cooked and raw agave combine with vanilla and coffee-bean notes to create a dark-gold tequila that's worth its weight in gold—not only on the bottle, but also at the San Francisco World Spirits competition.





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by Coquette

A Soakingly EROTIC Sequence



JACINDA BARRETT

The original *Poseidon Adventure* (1972) ignited an enjoyably insane avalanche of all-star disaster epics throughout the seventies. The new *Poseidon* (2006) is a remake of the first *Adventure* that retains the basic plot



and a big-ticket, almost-A-list cast. This time it includes Kurt Russell, Richard Dreyfuss, Josh Lucas, and Australian eye-fu Jacinda Barrett. On the downside, *Poseidon* also maintains its predecessor's absence of nudity. No need to drown in sorrow, though. Former model Jacinda, who broke through as a housemate on the 1995

edition of MTV's *The Real World*, does bare her buoys—and more—in the highbrow 2003 film *The Human Stain*. At the one-hour three-minute point, Jacinda jauntily parades around her college dorm room, peeling off her undies to reveal her breasts, buns, and bush, thereby earning a T&A-

“Keri Russell flashes some totally naked nip, but it’s her sopping strut up front that guarantees there won’t be a dry seat in your house.”

plus. Never mind *Poseidon*—*The Human Stain* will put a trident in your pants.

KERI RUSSELL

Curly-topped, porcelain-skinned stunner Keri Russell has seemed a bit off the radar since the 2002 demise of her collegiate drama *Felicity*, which ran for four seasons on the WB network. But now Keri is poised to emerge newly

mature (and more beautiful than ever) opposite the world’s most ragingly heterosexual Scientologist in *Mission: Impossible III*. Tom Cruise returns as secret agent Ethan Hunt in this latest *M:I* installment. Keri’s role as the new blood in the franchise, however, doesn’t mean she’ll be baring any fresh flesh. For that, pick up the 1997 indie comedy *Eight Days a Week*, which has a soakingly erotic sequence that features Keri frolicking in a lawn sprinkler while clad in what may well be cinema’s flimsiest, most see-through white tank top. At the one-hour 29-minute mark, Keri flashes some totally naked nip, but it’s her sopping strut up front that guarantees there won’t be a dry seat in your house.

AUDREY TAUTOU

The inescapable literary phenomenon *The Da Vinci Code* leaps to the big screen, thanks to director

Ron Howard, its star Tom Hanks, and countless airport bookstores. The movie’s heroine is played by full-bodied Parisian pastry Audrey Tautou, who charmed the pants off the entire planet in the skinternational art-house smash *Amélie* (2001). While *Da Vinci* does contain some “sex magic” hoo-hah, it’s no place to see the raven-maned, lush-lipped, terrifically hefty-titted Ms. Tautou at her most awesomely tawdry. Solving that mystery will require a trip to the foreign-language section of the video store for the French period piece *Le Libertin* (2000). One hour and 28 minutes into this seventeenth-century romp, Audrey displays her sumptuous T&A while splashing about in a milk bath with the equally flawless Vahina Giocante. Vahina ups the arousal factor by showing off what her first name sounds like. Talk about a pair of priceless pieces of art!





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This Month in Sports: The Stats, the Scores, the Skinny

PENTHOUSE TOP TEN

Excuses to **ditch work** for a daytime baseball game this month:



10. Spider bite.
9. You're Willy Mo Pena'd—must appear in court!
8. Need emergency stand-up triple bypass.
7. 'Roid rage.
6. Getting engaged—need to see diamond.
5. Kid has San Diego Chicken pox.
4. Elephantiasis of the hand. (Show massive foam-rubber No. 1 hand.)
3. Need to go someplace where your phone calls won't be tapped.
2. It's April—last chance to see A-Rod shine this season.
1. Pennant fever.



CINDERELLA STORY OUTTA NOWHERE

Here's a telling detail about the Masters golf tournament: The hot-dog wrappers are green. That way, if one floats onto the course, it won't clash with the emerald fairways and pristine greens. Yes, they're a little uptight about the arrangements. But they *do* run a great tournament. This year's edition tees off April 3.

While it's rare that a Carl Spackler-esque underdog wins the tournament, we can always hope. After all, there was the 2003 tournament, when Mike Weir came out of nowhere—um, we mean Canada—to don the coveted green jacket. Last year, Tiger Woods fended off winless Chris DiMarco in a playoff to take the tournament. That made Woods the third player in golf history with at least four Masters titles; the others are Jack Nicklaus (six) and Arnold Palmer (four).

LONG T LOST TWINS



Foppish British actor
Hugh Grant

2004 Masters golf champ Phil
Mickelson

MANOPAUSE

ROGER EBERT Maybe we should start producing ribbons for this cause: It's menopause, a little-known but increasingly prevalent condition that makes men look more like women as they age. This month's sufferer is Roger Ebert.

We know, he's not a sports figure, but he was

a sportswriter in Illinois back in the day, and he's reviewed dozens of sports *movies*. Here's what he had to say about *Hoosiers*: It "works a magic ... in getting us to really care about the fate of the team and the people depending on it.... It's a movie that is all heart." Good call, Mr.(?) Ebert.



NBA Playoffs vs. NHL Playoffs STEEL CAGE MATCH

The NBA and NHL playoffs have a lot in common: Both follow over-long regular seasons, allow too many entrants, and display a suspicious boost in quality of play. But we love the hoop and hockey postseasons. Let's compare and contrast.

NHL

NBA

• FORMAT •

They start around April and end in June—or is it July now? There are too many teams. How many fans really know the difference between the Predators and the Thrashers? Could you pick a San Jose Shark out of a lineup? As much as we love this league, it's crying out for contraction.

They start around April and run until the Fourth of July, when David Stern will announce the new best-of-nine conference finals and best-of-11 finals to go with the best-of-seven first-round series he instituted in 2004. The playoffs will then last as long as the regular season. It's too many games—way too many.

Verdict: NHL. Sure, summertime hockey is a bit disorienting, but the NBA's beefing up of those first-round series was the last straw—just a cynical, purely for-profit move.

• QUALITY •

The shoot-out will be set aside this postseason for the time-honored tradition of quintuple-overtime NHL playoff games. They never disappoint. Tension-wire tautness; riveting television.

Like their hockey brethren, NBA players bump up their game a few notches come playoff time. Defense returns to the game, focus sharpens, and you get to see the world's top players performing at their best.

Verdict: Draw. There are more overtime thrillers in the NHL, but more stars in the NBA.

• RELEVANCE •

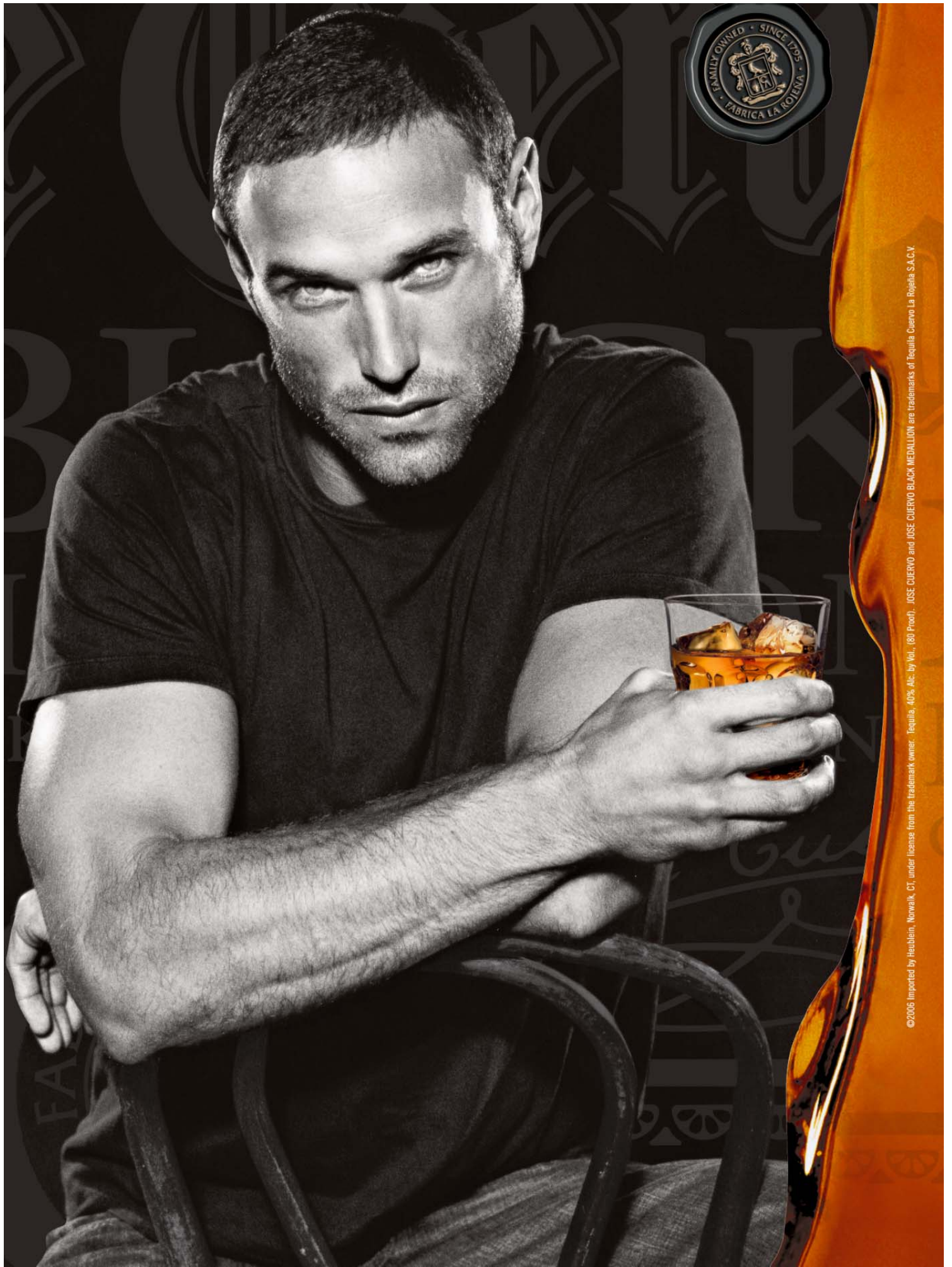
There's nightly national television coverage, front-page newspaper headlines, and obsessive fans ... in Canada, anyway. This isn't the case Stateside, but the league has bounced back nicely from the lockout.

LeBron, Shaq, A.I., TD, D-Wade, Nash, Melo, J-Kidd—all these guys are household names. There are more where those came from, and they'll draw fans like Jack Nicholson, Spike Lee, and Bill Murray to NBA arenas.

Verdict: NBA, by a landslide.

FINAL TALLY: NBA, AT THE BUZZER





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MLS PREVIEW

With a new city in the league (Houston), a new stadium (the Chicago Fire's new digs in Bridgeview, Illinois), and the World Cup kicking off in Germany during the heart of the season, the upcoming Major League Soccer campaign features many compelling storylines. In the 2006 *Penthouse* MLS Preview, we tackle the top stories and break down the two conferences.

EASTERN CONFERENCE

1. **New England Revolution** Last year: 17-7-8

Key players: Taylor Twellman, Pat Noonan, Clint Dempsey

Advantage: The most consistent team of the past four years looks to win it all.

Yellow card: World Cup call-ups—the Revs could have four of them.



2. **D.C. United** 16-10-6

■ Freddy Adu, Jaime Moreno, Ben Olsen

Advantage: No-nonsense coach Peter Nowak is eager to right the ship after last season's Freddy Adu-gate, when the Beltway Boy Wonder complained about playing time.

Yellow card: Dema Kovalenko has bolted for Europe, and how long can Moreno, 32, maintain the magic?

3. **MetroStars** 12-9-11

■ Eddie Gaven, Peter Canero, Yuri Djorkaeff

Advantage: GM Alexi Lalas wants to win now, and his efforts should produce another playoff berth—and maybe more (especially if Djorkaeff stays healthy).

Yellow card: At 37, Djorkaeff was the Metros' best player last season. New midfielder Chris Henderson is 35.



4. **Chicago Fire** 15-13-4

■ Chris Rolfe, Justin Mapp, Chris Armas

Advantage: New soccer-specific stadium, plus hungry young players and solid veterans, equals another trip to the playoffs for the Fire.

Yellow card: Leaky D gave up more goals (50) than any other team except the expansion outfits in Salt Lake City and L.A.

5. **Kansas City Wizards** 11-9-12

■ Josh Wolff, Nick Garcia, Jimmy Conrad

Advantage: The addition of Eddie Johnson gives the Wizards a potent strike force.

Yellow card: Wolff, Conrad, and Johnson are good bets to be called up for Germany '06.

6. **Columbus Crew** 11-16-5

■ Kyle Martino, Chad Marshall, Edson Buddle

Advantage: If new coach Sigi Schmid can help Martino and Buddle maintain consistency, the Crew has a playoff shot.

Yellow card: The midfield, with Ross Paule and Duncan Oughton, is a little thin.



WESTERN CONFERENCE

1. **Houston 1836** 18-4-10 (as San Jose Earthquakes)

■ Key players: Dwayne De Rosario, Ricardo Clark, Brian Ching

Advantage: The Quakes were the best team in 2005, but faltered in the playoffs. They'll be looking to make amends.

Yellow card: Stalwart defender Danny Califf signed with Aalborg BK of Denmark.

2. **FC Dallas** 13-10-9

■ Carlos Ruiz, Ronnie O'Brien

Advantage: With Ruiz, O'Brien, and a healthy Richard Mulrooney, there's no reason why they shouldn't challenge for the Cup.

Yellow card: Eddie Johnson's departure to Kansas City will hurt, and veteran left back Greg Vanney could be called to Germany.



3. **Los Angeles Galaxy** 13-13-6

■ Landon Donovan, Herculez Gomez, Chris Albright

Advantage: Donovan doesn't simply coast through the regular season, then turn it on at crunch time and deliver the MLS Cup to whatever team he's on. It just seems that way.

Yellow card: Donovan will be on World Cup duty for two months. Cobi Jones turns 36 in June.

4. **Colorado Rapids** 13-13-6

■ Clint Mathis, Kyle Beckerman, Pablo Mastroeni

Advantage: Coach Fernando Clavijo has high hopes for the newly acquired Mathis.

Yellow card: Staking your hopes on the once-brilliant, currently puzzling Mathis is a risky proposition.

5. **Real Salt Lake** 5-22-5

■ Jason Kreis, Carey Talley, Chris Klein

Advantage: There's nowhere to go but up for this team, which my buddy Rich dubbed "Get Real Salt Lake" when it was introduced last year.

Yellow card: MLS all-time leading goal-scorer Kreis is coming off a major knee injury.



6. **Chivas USA** 4-22-6

■ Ramon Ramirez, Francisco Palencia, Antonio Martinez

Advantage: New coach Bob Bradley should bring some much-needed discipline to the team.

Yellow card: The status of World Cup veteran Palencia is in question, and wholesale changes are almost certainly in store, which means an adjustment period.

Five Questions for MLS in 2006

1. What's up with Clint Mathis?

Only Cletus knows for sure. He jumped to Germany's Hannover 96 in 2004, and, with the prospect of a lucrative career laid out before him, quickly ran afoul of his coach and got buried on the bench. He returned to MLS last season and scored three goals in 27 games. He's only 29 years old—is it really time to stick a fork in him?

2. Will Freddy Adu get over the hump?

Anyone who doubted Adu's age (14) when he signed with MLS two years ago had his doubts assuaged by the youngster's struggles—on and off the field—with life in the pros. Now with two years of professional experience under his belt, Adu needs to deliver more than a few flashes of brilliance if he's serious about his goal of being the best U.S. player ever.

3. Which rookies will make an impact?

Anyone who saw **Marvell Wynne** (son of the former baseball outfielder of the same name) play for the U.S. at the U-20 World Championships last summer knows that MetroStars GM Lalas pulled off a major coup in the draft to get him. **Jason Garey**, fresh from leading Maryland to the NCAA title with 22 goals in 25 games, went No. 3 in the draft to Columbus, where he could form a potent partnership with Edson Buddle. Indiana midfielder **Brian Plotkin** fell all the way to 20th in the draft, going to Chicago. Maybe he'll use it as motivation.

4. When will every team in MLS have its own stadium?

This is crucial to the health of the league. It saves teams money on stadium leasing (the MetroStars pay more than \$200,000 per game to play in Giants Stadium), earns them money from concession sales and parking fees, and keeps them from being second-class citizens to NFL or MLB franchises. In 2006, five of the league's 12 teams will have their own soccer-specific stadiums (Columbus, L.A., Chivas USA, FC Dallas, and Chicago). They're getting there.

5. When and where will the next expansion take place?

Toronto will field an MLS team starting in 2007, and **Philadelphia** appears to be next in line.



Hotshot rookies Wynne (right) and Garey (top left) debut in a crucial year for Adu (left) and Mathis (top right).



Special delivery: F. C. Dallas's Pizza Hut Park will host MLS Cup 2006.

2006 Major League Baseball Preview by Kevin Hench

Reverse the Curse Part III



Curses? We don't need no stinkin' curses!

This has been the recent theme in Major League Baseball. Two seasons ago, the Boston Red Sox ended 86 years of heartbreak and futility by reversing the Curse of the Bambino, pinning an epic defeat on the New York Yankees and sweeping the St. Louis Cardinals in the World Series. Last year, just as emphatically, the Chicago White Sox ended 88 years of misery by exorcising the ghost of the Black Sox scandal with a sweep of the Houston Astros in the World Series.

Look for this trend to continue in 2006.

By comparison to those accursed Sox, the **Cleveland Indians** may not appear to have it so bad. But 58 years of unhappy endings is a brutal dry spell—if not an outright curse. So fans in Cleveland will rejoice with abandon this fall, when the Indians win their first World Series since 1948.

The most recent bitter ending for the Tribe came last September, when they blew a shot at the playoffs on the final weekend, getting swept at home by a White Sox team that had already clinched the division title and was playing its reserves. Cleveland came into that final series controlling its own destiny, but three straight heart-wrenching one-run losses later, the wild card had slipped from its grasp.

That won't happen this year. No team in baseball has

a quartet of young studs to match the Indians' center fielder Grady Sizemore, shortstop Jhonny Peralta, catcher Victor Martinez, and designated hitter Travis Hafner. All four hit between .289 and .305, smacked 20-plus homers, and drove in at least 78 runs. And they are just reaching their primes. The fearsome foursome helped Cleveland finish third in the American League in slugging percentage last year, 15 points behind Texas and one point behind Boston.

On the mound, the Tribe is just as loaded, leading the A.L. with a 3.61 team E.R.A. in '05. C. C. Sabathia, 25, and Cliff Lee, 27, give the Indians two young, dominant lefties at the top of the rotation.

The Indians did lose league E.R.A. leader Kevin Millwood to Texas. (Cleveland was smart not to overpay for him.) But they replaced him with two quality arms in Paul Byrd and Jason Johnson. In the pen, flamethrowers Fernando Cabrera and Rafael Betancourt will set up Bob Wickman, who tied for the league lead with 45 saves.

Last season, the White Sox put together an impressive 11-1 playoff run to win the Series, making a lot of people forget that during the final two months of the regular season, the Indians pared Chicago's 15-game division lead down to a game and a half. The Tribe came up short at the finish line, but that won't happen in 2006. Here's how the divisions will end up come October.



Our Predictions

AMERICAN LEAGUE

EAST		1. New York Yankees Key additions Johnny Damon (center fielder) and Kyle Farnsworth (middle relief) will be enough to stretch the Yankees' string of division titles to nine. Jason Giambi's resurgence scares opposing pitchers.
		2. Toronto Blue Jays General Manager J. P. Ricciardi's spending spree will keep the Jays in contention into September and break the Red Sox's eight-year hammerlock on second place. But still no playoffs.
		3. Boston Red Sox There was great joy in Beantown over the acquisition of 2003 World Series MVP Josh Beckett, but it evaporated during the exodus of stars from the 2004 title team—most notably Johnny Damon.
		4. Baltimore Orioles The Yanks added Damon, and the Blue Jays and Red Sox added World Series MVPs Troy Glaus and Beckett, respectively. The Orioles added Jeff Conine. An organization in disarray.
		5. Tampa Bay Devil Rays Seriously, what is the plan here? Scott Kazmir and four days of journeymen do not a rotation make. Tons of team speed, but stolen bases won't help when the other team is launching three-run homers.
CENTRAL		1. Cleveland Indians Grady Sizemore is a future MVP. He's a five-tool player who will be offered Carlos Beltran money by someone else if the Indians don't lock him up with a long extension.
		2. Chicago White Sox The rotation goes deep into games, the setup men are solid, and Bobby Jenks and his 100-mph heat await you at the end. Opposing hitters will get some 0-for-12's hung on them in three-game series.
		3. Minnesota Twins Where are the runs coming from? Johan Santana and Brad Radke will spend a lot of no-decisions wondering the same thing. First baseman Justin Morneau and catcher Joe Mauer must produce.
		4. Detroit Tigers New closer Todd Jones will discover what Troy Percival and Ugueth Urbina learned before him: There are precious few leads to protect in Motown.
		5. Kansas City Royals This perennial doormat does produce the league's most-wanted free-agent center fielders. (See former Royals Carlos Beltran and Johnny Damon.) So, where will David DeJesus end up?
WEST		1. Oakland Athletics Everyone seems intent on knocking <i>Moneyball</i> and Billy Beane, but if it weren't for injuries to pitcher Rich Harden and shortstop Bobby Crosby last season, the A's would have made the playoffs for the fifth time in six years.
		2. Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim Yes, he's a Molina, but Jose is no Bengie with the bat. The Angels will miss their catcher, but the emergence of right-hander Ervin Santana and the return of Kelvin Escobar to the rotation will keep them in contention.
		3. Texas Rangers Pity right-hander Adam Eaton, who moves from spacious, pitcher-friendly Petco Park to the launching pad in Arlington. Texas also overpaid for Kevin Millwood, a fly-ball pitcher in a jet-stream ballpark.
		4. Seattle Mariners Twenty-year-old righty Felix Hernandez is spectacular, but the Mariners won't close the gap on the L.A. Angels by signing the Halos' No. 5 starter, Jarrod Washburn, for \$37 million.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. New York Mets The blend of young studs produced within the organization and smart free-agent signings will get the Mets back to the playoffs for the first time since they lost the Subway Series in 2000.	
2. Philadelphia Phillies With one deft move—first baseman Jim Thome for former White Sox center fielder Aaron Rowand—they hugely upgraded in center field and opened a slot at first for star-in-the-making Ryan Howard.	
3. Atlanta Braves By making Boston swallow \$11 million of Edgar Renteria's contract, the Braves get the All-Star for less than half of what the Dodgers gave Rafael Furcal. Smart. But their streak of division titles ends this year.	
4. Washington Nationals Odd that a team so thin in some areas has two All-Star second basemen. Jose Vidro will keep his job, and Alfonso Soriano will get booted to the outfield—where his shaky D will do less damage.	
5. Florida Marlins Future MVP Miguel Cabrera must be wondering where the hell everybody went. The Fish waited two years before beginning their traditional post-championship fire sale. The Fish are gutted.	
1. St. Louis Cardinals Tony La Russa has won one title in ten trips to the playoffs, frequently losing with the better team. Why does his genius not work in October?	
2. Chicago Cubs In 2003, it seemed like Mark Prior, Kerry Wood, and Carlos Zambrano had ushered in a decade of dominance. Now a playoff spot seems a long shot.	
3. Houston Astros Roger Clemens was not offered salary arbitration. Craig Biggio hit 26 home runs last year, but turned 40 in December.	
4. Milwaukee Brewers Let the reign of the Prince begin: Twenty-one-year-old first baseman Prince Fielder will provide the fireworks at Miller Park.	
5. Pittsburgh Pirates Promising young staff and a sound new skipper (Jim Tracy), but there are probably a whole bunch of 3-2 losses coming in '06.	
6. Cincinnati Reds Lots of runs with Ken Griffey Jr., Adam Dunn, and Wily Mo Pena. More runs allowed with Paul Wilson, Aaron Harang, and Eric Milton on the hill.	
1. San Francisco Giants Poisonous personality or not, Barry Bonds is an irreplaceable player. The Giants learned that in 2005. He'll be coddled—no day games after night games—but his impact will be immense.	
2. Los Angeles Dodgers The 2003 Red Sox didn't die. They just relocated to the West Coast. Beantown persona non grata Grady Little will lead former Sox Nomar Garcia-parra, Derek Lowe, and Bill Mueller to a second-place finish.	
3. San Diego Padres Rotation looks weaker with the departure of Adam Eaton and Brian Lawrence. They traded spark plug Mark Loretta for backup catcher Doug Mirabeli. Strange moves from the defending N.L. West champs.	
4. Arizona Diamondbacks The D-Backs are caught between rebuilding and going for it. Losing Troy Glaus will hurt, and they can't expect another 30 homers from Tony Clark. They can, however, expect 90 losses.	
5. Colorado Rockies If the majors worked like English soccer, the Rockies would have been relegated to the minor leagues long ago. No one has figured out how to maintain a pitching staff in the thin air of Denver.	



National League Playoffs

All good things must come to an end. In 2006, the good thing the Atlanta Braves had going in the National League—a record 14 straight division titles—will come clattering to a halt. The **New York Mets** and the **Philadelphia Phillies** will finish 1 and 2 in the N.L. East, making the playoffs along with the **St. Louis Cardinals** and the **San Francisco Giants**.



The Wright stuff: The Mets' third baseman has it—a picture-perfect swing that produces hits to all fields.

Mets General Manager Omar Minaya has made bold moves in each of the past two off-seasons. He signed superstar pitcher Pedro Martinez and quality center fielder Carlos Beltran last year, and added first baseman Carlos Delgado and closer Billy Wagner this

year. Wagner addresses the Mets' biggest weakness of 2005, when late leads were placed in the unsteady hands of Braden Loper. Expect Beltran to bounce back after a disappointing first year in Queens, and third baseman David Wright to continue his rise to stardom. Minaya also stocked up on hard-throwing middle relievers, allowing talented righty Aaron Heilman to return to the starting rotation, where he should flourish.

The Phillies will field the best lineup in the National League, night in and night out. Middle infielders Jimmy Rollins and Chase Utley are spectacular, and both will be All-Stars for years to come. Rookie of the Year first baseman Ryan Howard is a run-producing monster. The outfield of Aaron Rowand, Pat Burrell, and Bobby Abreu is an impressive blend of speed, power, and defense. The biggest question mark for the Phils is, of course,

pitching. Will Brett Myers fulfill his potential and become a true ace? Can the steady-but-unspectacular quartet of Jon Lieber, Randy Wolf, Ryan Franklin, and Cory Lidle produce enough quality starts to get Philly over the top? Can any staff thrive in cozy Citizens Bank Park?

Their second straight 100-win season may have once again ended in bitter disappointment, but don't cry for the St. Louis Cardinals. They figure to be back in the hunt this year for their first championship since 1982. Add four-time All-Star third baseman Scott Rolen to the mix of guys who came within a couple games of a second straight World Series appearance, and you have a team to be reckoned with. Rolen will hit behind first baseman Albert Pujols and center fielder Jim Edmonds—run production should not be a problem for St. Louis. As for pitching, the Cards' top four

starters—Cy Young Award winner Chris Carpenter, Mark Mulder, Jason Marquis, and Jeff Suppan—combined to win 66 games last year, an average of 16.5 per man. If any staff could weather the loss of Matt Morris, this is it, though the addition of Sidney Ponson—who's had exactly one winning season in his eight-year career—seems an odd roll of the dice.

The return of Barry Bonds and his 150–200 walks alone makes San Francisco an instant favorite in the weak N.L. West. (San Diego went 82–80 last year and won the division by five games.) Signing Morris away from St. Louis gives the Giants a solid No. 2 between ace Jason Schmidt, who's looking to bounce back from a down year, and No. 3 Noah Lowry. Everyone in the lineup will be happy to have Bonds back, since his presence will boost production for Ray Durham, Moises Alou, and Pedro Feliz.



Rollins partners with Utley to give the Phillies a spectacular middle infield.



Rolen on: With their All-Star third baseman back in the fold, the Cards will return to the Fall Classic.



American League Playoffs

As we've said, it's the **Indians'** turn this year to break their organizational curse. The **Yankees**, the **A's**, and the **White Sox** will join them in the playoffs.



The Yanks' Cano is surrounded by All-Stars, MVPs, and future Hall of Famers.

The Yankees' everyday lineup will feature the usual collection of lock Hall of Famers, former MVPs, former All-Stars, and future All-Stars. The acquisition of Johnny Damon was a double whammy of addition by subtraction: adding to their team by subtracting from the rival Red Sox. The starting pitching may be a little shaky, but there is no way a lineup of Damon, Derek Jeter (shortstop), Alex Rodriguez (third baseman), Gary Sheffield (right fielder), Hideki Matsui (left fielder), Jason Giambi (first baseman), Jorge Posada (catcher), and Robinson Cano (second



Oakland lefty Zito heads arguably the best rotation in baseball, backed by 2005 Rookie of the Year closer Street.

baseman) will miss the postseason.

The reloaded A's will have to fend off a stiff challenge from the Angels, but their rotation of Barry Zito, Rich Harden, Danny Haren, Esteban Loaiza, and Joe Blanton may be the best in baseball. Huston Street inherited the closer role when Octavio Dotel got hurt last year. Street went on to win Rookie of the Year, nailing down 23 saves and a 1.72 E.R.A.

Adding outfielder Milton Bradley was a quiet coup for Oakland, bolstering a lineup built around slugging sophomore infielders Dan Johnson and Nick Swisher: prototypical Billy Beane-types with power and patience. Look for Oakland to win the American League West.

For the first time since the format was instituted in 1995, the wild-card winner will come from the A.L. Central,



Free-agent Konerko stayed put, much to the delight of the Southsiders' faithful.

as the White Sox ride their solid rotation back to the playoffs. Trading center fielder Aaron Rowand for the aging slugger Jim Thome was a risk. If it pays off, first baseman Paul Konerko (40 homers, 100 RBIs in 2005) will have a whole lot more protection in a lineup that scored only just enough last year, finishing ninth in the league in runs. The addition of Javier Vazquez to the quartet of Jose Contreras, Mark Buehrle, Freddy Garcia, and Jon Garland means Ozzie Guillen's rotation will once again lead the league in innings pitched.

PENTHOUSE PLAYOFF

National League	American League	World Series
 Cardinals defeat Phillies in four	 Indians defeat A's in five	 Indians defeat Cardinals in seven
 Mets defeat Giants in four	 White Sox defeat Yankees in four	
 Cardinals defeat Mets in seven NLCS	 Indians defeat White Sox in six ALCS	

AWARDS

American League	National League
MVP Alex Rodriguez is in a class all his own.	MVP It's Albert Pujols's award until further notice.
Cy Young Roy Halladay bounces back from leg injury.	Cy Young Roy Oswalt wins his first.
Manager of the Year Eric Wedge plays Moses, leads Tribe to Promised Land.	Manager of the Year Felipe Alou steers the Giants back to playoffs.
Comeback Player of the Year Jim Thome is resurrected.	Comeback Player of the Year Barry Bonds passes Babe Ruth on his way to the comeback award.



FANTASY BASEBALL DO'S AND DON'TS

By Peter Schrager

THE DO'S

Like a hankering for the taste of buffalo wings, a soft spot for Kelly Clarkson, and a problem with commitment, most guys have an unhealthy obsession with fantasy football. The summer months are like withdrawal for them. But they don't have to be.

There's no reason to go cold turkey. Just substitute baseball for football, Nick Johnson for Larry Johnson, Shawn Green for Trent Green, and Joe Buck for, well, Joe Buck. That's right, fantasy baseball—older, wiser, and more genteel than its football cousin—can serve as a nice holdover until your August fantasy pigskin draft date. Sure, you'll have to keep up with stats like a middle reliever's WHIP on an everyday basis, have an eye for which prospect is performing in cities like Bowie and Toledo, and need to follow the waiver wire on an hourly basis. But you're ready. Consider it boot camp for the fantasy football season.

Here are five do's and don'ts for the upcoming fantasy baseball campaign.



1. Draft players you've seen play before. For every fantasy baseball rookie stud who can save your season, there are two duds who can screw it up. Robinson Cano and Ryan Howard were great midseason pickups in '05. But how many of those owners took risks on Gavin Floyd and/or Dallas McPherson back in April? Rookies are a crapshoot. You might as well take a guy you can pick up out of a lineup.

2. Load up on pitchers in the later rounds of the draft. There's nothing worse than hitting the All-Star break, looking at your fantasy team's pitching staff, and having to consider picking up John Franco off waivers. You

can never have enough arms. Pitchers get hurt, they miss starts—that's baseball. There's no reason your team should get burned because of it.

3. Purchase the MLB Extra Innings package. It's late July, there's nothing on TV except *Will & Grace* reruns, and the summer heat is playing tricks with your head. You might as well engulf yourself in your fantasy baseball squad. Watch the kids out in Pittsburgh, track the bats in Texas, and call it an evening with some late-night storytelling courtesy of Vin Scully.

4. Think of a clever team name. Hey, this is a six-month investment. That's about 180 days of waking up, logging on to your fantasy baseball site, and hav-

ing to stare at that team name. You better like it. If it's timely in March, it won't be in August. If you're pressed, just use an inside joke that attacks one of your fellow league members. "Jeff Owns a Hanson CD" will never get old.

5. Draft guys who play multiple positions. Sure, Alex Rodriguez was the A.L. MVP in 2005. But the Fantasy Baseball MVP in 2005? That was the Los Angeles Angels' do-everything-everywhere guy, Chone Figgins. Last season, Figgins played 42 games at second base, 56 at third base, four at shortstop, 50 at center field, 15 at left field, eight at right field, and seven at DH. Figgins is fantasy gold.



THE DON'TS

1. Don't show up unprepared for the draft. You'll be the laughingstock of the league. And the jokes will continue until Labor Day. The last thing you want to do is select Mel Hall with your final-round pick. Be prepared, be knowledgeable, and, most important, be sober.

2. Don't give up on your players too soon. It's real easy to label an underachiever a "bust" in May. Fight the temptation. The baseball season lasts forever, and if a professional team isn't willing to cut bait on a guy,



neither should you. Take Jason Giambi's 2005 season, for example. On July 1, the Yankee slugger had only five home runs. He hit 27 in the next three months.

3. Don't base your fantasy team around your favorite real team. This rule is to fantasy owners what "Don't get high off your own supply" was to Tony Montana. It'll absolutely kill you. If you're a die-hard Astros fan, try to avoid drafting all Astros. When they lose, it'll burn twice as much.

4. Don't forget stolen bases. They're like a good meal before a night of heavy boozing: You don't realize the difference they make until it's too late. Everyone gets burned by stolen bases—don't let it happen to you.

5. Don't draft players you suspect are on steroids. You'll feel filthy cheering these guys on. You know who they are: They put up crazy numbers pre-2005, suffered random back injuries last year, and have enormous heads. Stay away from them.

TECHNOMANIA

High-Tech Tools for the 21st Century

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Plantronics Pulsar 590A Bluetooth stereo headset transitions between your music and your Bluetooth cell phone with the touch of a button. The universal adapter makes any iPod, MP3 player, or Sony PSP Bluetooth-compatible, establishing a wireless connection to the headphones. Enjoy up to 12 hours of talk time and ten hours of listening time. It even folds for easy travel. \$250. Plantronics.com

BlackBerry's 8700c Wireless Handheld

has phone, e-mail, and Web browser functions and a full QWERTY keyboard. The new BlackBerry is Bluetooth-capable, and supports quad-band GSM/GPRS and EDGE networks for international roaming. \$300 with a two-year contract and mail-in rebate. Cingular.com



EasyDrive by Parrot is the portable Bluetooth speaker solution for your car. It's powered by your car's cigarette lighter and is hands free for safe dialing and driving. EasyDrive's plug-and-play design makes it a breeze to move from one vehicle to another, and it's compatible with all Bluetooth-enabled phones. \$100. Parrot.biz

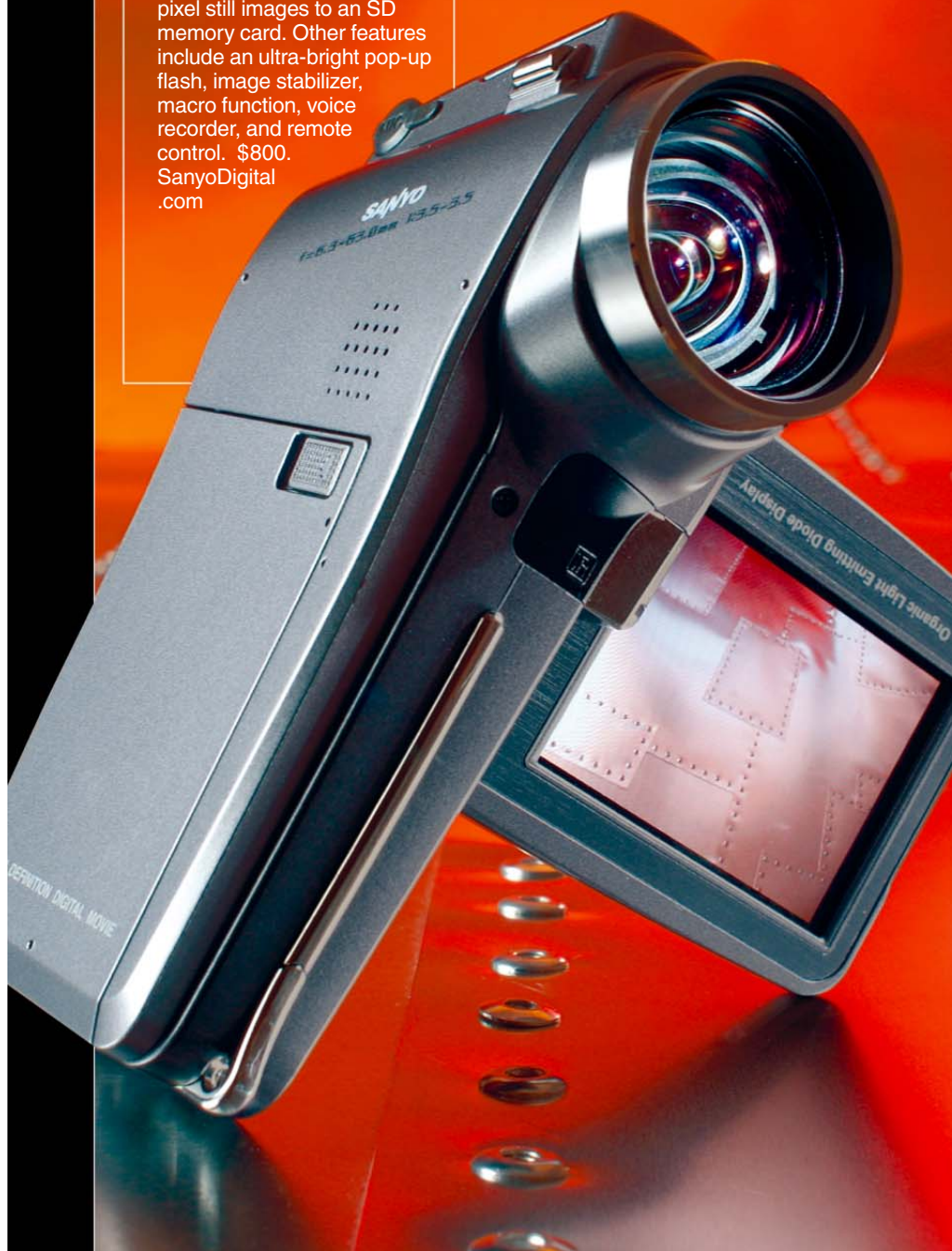


LaserShield's Instant Security System works via infrared motion detection and wireless technology. Each unit covers a 1,100-square-foot room, and up to 12 wireless units can be linked to the master device. Two alarms can be set: the fee-based Rapid Response Monitoring Service or the free 100-plus-decibel siren. The units can be activated by remote or telephone. \$200; monitoring service, \$20 per month; extra units, \$60 each. LaserShield.net





The **Sanyo Xacti HD1** pocket-size digital media camera records 720p high-definition video in MPEG-4 compression and 5.1-mega-pixel still images to an SD memory card. Other features include an ultra-bright pop-up flash, image stabilizer, macro function, voice recorder, and remote control. \$800. SanyoDigital.com



Netgear and **Skype** have teamed up to create a **WiFi phone** for free domestic and international calls to Skype users. For a small fee, you can add voice mail and use the Skype phone to call regular phones. The battery provides up to 50 hours of standby and three hours of talk time. Under \$250. Netgear.com



Norcent's HD 20-inch widescreen **LCD TV** also doubles as a PC monitor. It has HD resolution of 1,366 by 768 and a high contrast ratio of 1,000:1. Inputs include component video, S-video, composite video, and PC input with audio. The TV comes with SRS TruSurround audio enhancement and two five-watt speakers. \$650. Norcent.net



Apex Digital's MP-6500 E2go Portable Media Player can store and play up to 80 hours of video, 5,000 songs, or more than 200,000 still images. The 6.5-inch LCD screen, with 720-by-480 resolution, offers crystal-clear viewing. E2go has built-in speakers and an earphone jack. \$600. ApexDigitalInc.com



Think Outside's Stow-away Boomtube H₂O₁ portable speakers deliver more than 40 watts of system power. Four two-inch drivers with dual neodymium magnets and MaxxBass technology provide excellent bass response. The aluminum housing is superior to plastic for sound quality, and also makes the system scratch resistant. \$250. ThinkOutside.com

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Bill Simmons TOUCHES

'Em All

It's no surprise that hard-core Boston fans love their native-son Sports Guy. But why have millions of readers beyond Beantown made Simmons one of America's most popular sportswriters? Kevin Hench finds out.

Bill Simmons began his professional life as the Boston Sports Guy on his Website in the 1990s. In 2001 he dropped "Boston" from his moniker and jumped to ESPN.com. His column was a runaway success, drawing hordes of avid readers from all over the country.

They came for his endless array of pop-culture references, his frequently laugh-out-loud prose, and his clever coinages. Simmons has laid claim to the Unintentional Comedy Scale (self-explanatory); the Ewing Theory, disseminated by Simmons but credited to his friend Dave Cirilli

(which applies to a team that loses its star player but improves—à la the 1999 New York Knicks, who lost Patrick Ewing but went on to the NBA Finals); and the Reggie Cleveland All-Stars (honoring players whose names do not seem to "match" their ethnicities).

They stayed for his encyclopedic knowledge of sports, his sharp insights, and, in some cases, just to bitch about his Boston-centric view of the sports world—or simply to hate on his success. Yes, you can take the Sports Guy out of Boston, but you can't take Boston out of the Sports Guy (well, unless

you count his nickname). Simmons, 36, is a die-hard fan, though "die-hard" doesn't seem strong enough: He lives, breathes, and *drinks* the Red Sox, Patriots, and Celtics—and he wears those allegiances on his sleeve. Thus, his readers will occasionally get a column of, oh, 10,000 words on the Boston Celtics (the *current* Boston Celtics).

Clearly, though, the majority of Simmons readers are willing to tolerate such diversions. After a brief sojourn as a writer on *Jimmy Kimmel Live*, he returned to ESPN, resumed his monthly column for the

Illustrations by Richard Stanley

magazine and his almost-daily commentary on ESPN.com, and published his first book, *Now I Can Die in Peace*. The book recounts Simmons's lifelong love affair with the Red Sox, and the roller-coaster ride of the team's 86-years-in-the-making 2004 World Series title. It sold out three printings and became a best-seller.

Our man Kevin Hench recently huddled with the Sports Guy to talk about the Holy Cross grad's holy trinity: sports, women, and pop culture.

Assuming your wife and daughter will never read this interview, which caused more euphoric delirium: the Red Sox winning the World Series in 2004, or the birth of your daughter the following year?

They were strangely similar experiences. In each case, I was stressed the entire time and thinking about every possible thing that could go wrong. And then, when everything turned out okay, I was more relieved and drained than anything. Still, I'm going with having a healthy baby—it's the single greatest experience you can have in life, other than watching the Joe Namath–Suzy Kolber interview on a continuous loop.

For sheer elation, which was the best: beating the Yankees in Game 7 in Yankee Stadium, sweeping the Cardinals, or Adam Vinatieri's field goal in Super Bowl XXXVI?

Winning the Rams-Pats Super Bowl was the biggest for me only because I was there, and because no Boston team had won a title in 15-plus years. So everyone was bitter and miserable, and wondering if Boston fans were cursed and all that crap. I just don't think you can top winning a Super Bowl for the first time, as 14-point underdogs. It's impossible. Plus, the game was played in New Orleans and every Pats fan was a drunken, sobbing mess on Bourbon Street afterward. I still can't believe what happened, actually. It was like one of those *Total Recall* dream experiences that Arnold would have ordered.

Do you ever worry you'll wake up one morning, open the sports section, see that Hugh Millen is quarterbacking the Patriots, and realize the whole Tom Brady thing was a dream?

Yes. Every day. My old college roommate, Gene McDonough, said it best: "It's completely unfathomable how far they have come. It's the equivalent of waking up 15 years from now and discovering that Bangladesh is a military and economic superpower."

The Red Sox have suffered some high-profile free-agent defections over the years. Where does Johnny Damon going to the Yankees rank?

I think he got somewhat of a bad rap.



The Sox obviously didn't want him back. They low-balled him. At least he seemed a little bummed out about it, unlike that traitor hick [Roger] Clemens. I'd give [Damon] a 4.3. With Clemens being a 10.0, of course.

The Yankees: honorable opponent or Evil Empire?

Evil Empire, and then some. I love when they pretend like they're cutting back every winter, then they casually overspend for another potentially

washed-up name in his early thirties. I hate them. I truly hate them.

If you could write George Steinbrenner's epitaph, what would you carve on his tombstone?

The answer to the age-old question: What would happen if you crossed Thurston B. Howell and Judge Smails, and gave them a baseball team in New York?

Your childhood hero, Jim Rice, fell short this year in what may have been his last best shot for the Baseball Hall of Fame. Do you think Rice deserves to be in Cooperstown?

My childhood hero was Freddie Lynn! **Fair enough, but Lynn doesn't have the numbers. Does Rice?**

I always liked Rice, but there was nothing warm about him. He was completely devoid of charisma. You never played in the backyard pretending to be Jim Rice. I thought he was about two quality seasons short of being a Hall of Famer—he just didn't age well. He was like the Farrah Fawcett of baseball sluggers: three fantastic years in the late seventies, followed by some good ones, and then he lost it overnight.

How can I convince my friends who aren't Red Sox fans to read your book, *Now I Can Die in Peace*?

Here's how: It's about following a team for your entire life, suffering with them, pretty much giving up, then watching everything turn around in the span of 12 days. The book just happens to be about the Red Sox. Any fan can identify with it. Plus, the footnotes are fun and I get to drop some F-bombs. Kinda like right now in this interview. Fuck, shit, ass.

Who is the one person from your life who would be most surprised that Bill Simmons became a best-selling author?

Probably my ninth-grade English teacher, who gave me a 60 one trimester: Mr. Griswold. Part of me wanted to mail him a copy of the book with a note like, "Why don't you give this a 60, you prick?!" But I actually deserved the 60. I never liked the whole studying thing. It always conflicted with sports and TV.

Have you ever written anything in your column that you regretted?

At least once a month. My biggest mistake ever was when I had my old Website. I wrote a tongue-in-cheek column about how they needed to stop playing the National Anthem before games because it was a pain in the ass to stand up, especially if you're holding beer or food, and nobody really gave a crap about the song anyway. People went *bonkers*. Fortunately I only had, like, 100

readers at the time. If I wrote that column now, I think I would be exiled from Disney like Bill Maher was.

On a scale of one to ten, with one being the health of the pre-lockout NHL and ten being Magic-Bird in the '84 finals, how would you rank the current health of the NBA?

Probably a solid seven. The biggest problem is when they have seasons like this one, where the finals were set in stone in mid-November, barring a major injury (Pistons-Spurs). No other sport has this problem. And it's a problem. Everything else is great—likable young stars, more scoring, a drug-testing program that prohibits guys from playing with earth-shattering levels of residual THC in their system.... You couldn't ask for much more. Except a competitive league.

Given how glorious your childhood was with the Celtics, how bummed are you that they seem locked in numbing, permanent mediocrity?

I am constantly bummed out. I am never not bummed out about this. I feel like we used up 100 years of good karma in the first 30 years, then the wheels came off. We're coming up on the 20-year anniversary of Lenny Bias's death. He was like the patient zero for this ongoing debacle. By the way, thanks for bringing me down.

I'm sure you toggle back and forth, but if you had to choose one right now, would you watch a Celtics game or LeBron James?

I'd watch the Celtics. They're like having an uncoordinated son: Maybe they suck, but you still go to the Little League games and support them.

Has marriage and family lessened the allure of the gentlemen's club?

Yes. There are two big problems here. First, I hate turning people down, for any reason. It always makes me feel bad when I'm sitting there hanging out with a buddy, drinking a \$12 beer and watching some naked chick rape a pole on the stage, and then the six-foot-two stripper with stretch marks who looks like Randy Johnson comes over and tries to snooker one of us into a dance. So you have to lie and say, "Sorry, I just had one!" Or, "Maybe later." Or even, "I can't. My jeans are covered in semen right now." I always feel terrible. Deep down, they know the truth: I don't want a dance because they look like Randy Johnson. And second, all the strippers wear that pungent perfume. You can't get that scent off your clothes unless you wash them or burn them. And my wife is absolutely smart enough to smell my clothes when I come home from Vegas, and she absolutely would stab me in the middle of the night. So

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I'm basically screwed. If they ever opened a strip joint where nobody wore that skunk perfume, it would be the most packed place in town.

Hypothetically, then: You're at the Olympic Garden in Vegas, fresh off winning \$2,000 at blackjack. What does the Sports Guy look for in an exotic dancer?

Someone who doesn't smell like they just covered themselves in cherry air freshener from a car wash.

As you get older, which excites you more: 36-24-36 or .300-.400-.900 batting average-OBP-OPS?

I would be more excited for the 36-24-36, because women aren't built like that anymore. None of them eat, and everyone chain-smokes relentlessly. So the figures that we grew up ogling don't exist anymore. When I'm president, one of my goals will be to make women eat fried foods again. Just look at poor Jennifer Aniston: She was a pantheon babe on *Friends*; now she's just a giant head with little stick appendages. Where did her boobs go? Why would you want to lose boobs like that?

If your wife, the Sports Gal, granted

they can't read anyone else because they're used to guessing what complete strangers have in their online poker room that they can't see. Easy money.

What's your favorite sporting event to wager on?

Playoff football: separates the men from the boys. Least favorite: the NHL. You just feel dumb saying things like, "Yeah, I have the Blue Jackets getting a goal and a half tonight." But I support any gambling. I wish we could gamble at weddings, strip joints, bachelor parties, you name it. For instance, I went to a wedding a few years ago where I wagered with someone that the best-man speech would suck. And it did. I won two rounds of drinks.

Which would you most want to do: hit the World Series—winning walk-off homer, à la Bill Mazeroski in 1960; stick the championship-winning three-pointer, à la John Paxson in 1993; or thread the Super Bowl—winning touchdown pass, à la Joe Montana in 1989?

I'd choose the walk-off home run because of the whole "Round the bases with your arm raised, flip the helmet

screwing them over, pretending to feel bad about it, then cashing a giant check in the end.

Name your favorite movie of last year.

I loved *Into the Blue*—Jessica Alba scuba diving, Scott Caan trying to seem tall, Paul Walker doing his poor man's Keanu impression, and Josh Brolin trying to play an evil bad guy with facial hair. That movie really brought everything to the table. We need to create the Bad-Yet-Enjoyable-Movie Oscars—that would have swept every category. Plus, it would be fun to see Keanu get the lifetime-achievement award. Come on, you wouldn't watch that telecast?

Which is tougher: writing comedy with tape-time approaching on a late-night show or filing a column on deadline?

Writing comedy was much tougher, only because you're sharing an office with a bunch of lunatics who are farting and throwing Nerf footballs around and finding porn on the Internet and trying to distract everyone else who's working. It's like writing, but with a degree of difficulty attached.

"I support any gambling. I wish we could gamble at weddings, strip joints, bachelor parties."

you one free pass, who would you choose?

The funny thing is, up until April of last year, I would have said Katie Holmes. Does that make me gay? Now I would go with Angelina Jolie. She's like a smoldering volcano. I'm convinced that she should be our next president. She could convince any man to do anything. Even women want to make out with her. At the very least, she should become the commissioner of baseball—she's the only person who could convince the big-market teams to have revenue sharing and a salary cap.

If you had to reciprocate, who would you want your wife to choose?

Either Mike Ditka or Bob Dole.

Where do you stand on the Texas hold 'em craze: can't end soon enough, indifferent, or hope it goes on forever?

I hate the overexposure, and I don't think it's going to last, but it's fun for people like me who know how to play poker—I always win at the tables now. All these online poker freaks have no idea how to play when they're sitting at the table. They're easy to read, and

coming around third base, then jump into the happy pile of teammates at home plate" thing. That looks astoundingly fun to me. We should be able to bid on this experience on eBay.

You're wired into pop culture. Please explain why more than seven people watch *Dancing With the Stars*.

It's the same phenomenon as Jay Leno being the No. 1 late-night show, NASCAR being wildly popular, or slot machines generating a kajillion dollars of casino income. I'm sure it's true—I just don't know anyone who likes any of those things. People always forget there are, like, 250 million people living in America. I remember being on a plane once and reading a book. I kept hearing everyone laughing, so I looked up and the TV was showing some *Tonight Show* rerun. I looked around, saw the people on the plane, and thought, *Ahhh ... now it makes sense*.

Which do you prefer: the scripted *Lost*, or reality juggernaut *Survivor*?

I love *Lost*, but *Survivor* has been delivering the goods for six years now. It's the perfect metaphor for life—people gaining the trust of other people,


Is it true that Jimmy Kimmel grills pizzas and makes calzones for his pals on NFL Sundays? Hard to imagine Letterman doing that.

Only his friends and family know this, but Jimmy answers the age-old question, "What would Martha Stewart be like with a penis and a sense of humor?" And the answer is this: "Quite delightful!"

You're alone in your car: Howard Stern on satellite radio with no commercials, or your pal Adam Carolla on terrestrial radio with 26 minutes of ads an hour? Be honest.

I would always choose Carolla over Stern. He's the only person I know who loves bad movies as much as me. This is a guy who can discuss *Quicksilver* for 45 solid minutes. I'm not kidding. I've seen him do it.

Back to baseball for one more question. We've heard lots of conflicting percentages, but in your gut, how prevalent do you think steroid use was in baseball at its peak?

I'd say three out of every ten guys. It's amazing there weren't more basebawls. I think 'roid rage is overrated. 

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Eye Contact

Tired eyes are a total turnoff. To put your best face forward, you've got to give your peepers a rest—or at least make it look like you do.



You don't need to get into a bar brawl for your eyes to take a beating. Harsh climates, pollution, and lack of sleep are just a few factors that can make you look old before your time.

Maybe you've spent a lifetime boarding on the slopes, hanging out on the beach, or skateboarding on the streets. Or maybe you've been putting in too many hours at the office, and you look too tired to impress a date. (We prefer to think you've been putting in too many hours with the ladies, and you look too tired to impress your boss.) Whatever the cause of your visible signs of exhaustion, you can erase the evidence with these eye-care products.

Compromise nothing. That's the philosophy behind **Moxie for Men**, and we can't help but like the company's attitude. If you rely on coffee or cola to give you a jolt, let **Double-Shot Caffeinated Eye Cream** boost circulation to reduce puffiness and those awful bags under your eyes (MoxieforMen.com). . . . **Billy Jealousy's Wipe Out** promises to "transform your eyes from bloodhound to bedroom in an instant," which sounds like a pretty good deal. The cream does help conceal dark circles, but it's really the licorice extract and lactic acid that get the job done (BillyJealousy.com). . . . Go ahead—play with your balls. **Instant Moisture Eye Gel** from **Lab Series for Men** uses a metal roller ball to dispense a

lightweight, refreshing serum with a cooling touch. Rarely does a quarter-ounce go such a long way (LabSeries.com). . . . **Revitalizing Eye Creme Q10** from **Nivea for Men** replenishes the body's own coenzyme Q10, an antioxidant, to give the area around your eyes a flawless appearance. It also contains SPF 6 to guard against harmful UV rays (Nivea.com). . . . Look like you're getting your z's with **Zirh's Restore**, an herbal cream that makes the delicate skin around the eyes stronger and more resilient (Zirh.com). . . . *For me?*, she'll think when she sees how good you look, but it's really **4VOO**. The brand's **Rejuvenating Under Eye Gel** contains 15 botanical extracts, essential oils, vitamins, and minerals to moisturize, firm, and tone (4VOO.com). . . . **Jack Black's Eye Balm** is a fragrance-free, color-free gel that soaks in immediately to reduce puffiness, minimize dark circles, and help alleviate fine lines (GetJackBlack.com). . . . **Menscience Androceuticals Eye Rescue Formula** is heavy on the science and even heavier on results. A whole bunch of ingredients—including shea butter, green tea, and vitamins C, E, and K—go into making this product stand and deliver (Menscience.com). . . . **Clinique**

Skin Supplies for Men offers **Daily Eye Hydrator**, a moisturizing gel that diminishes fine lines and shadows, and protects the skin from environmental irritants (Clinique.com). . . . Breathe more easily with **Hydra-Detox Yeux**, part of **Biotherm Homme's** new line of oxygen-boosting skin-care products. This gel "decongests" the eye area for a more refreshed look (BiothermHomme-USA.com). . . . If you've got an eye emergency on your hands, bust out **Ménaji's 911 Eye Gel**. It works in minutes and refreshes like an ice pack—pop the whole tube in your fridge for added punch (Menaji.com). . . . Seeing red? **Rohto V. eyedrops**, in **Cool** and **Ice**, relieve redness and lubricate eyes to soothe and brighten. They're made with menthol, so they leave your eyes feeling rejuvenated. If ever an eyedrop could be considered hip, Rohto V. is it (Cool4Eyes.com). . . . Not keen on gels, creams, or drops? Take a less hands-on approach with **Nickel's Eyes on the Rocks**. Place this gel mask in the refrigerator for 15 minutes, then slip it over your eyes. In just five minutes, your eyes' rims are soothed and your bags are deflated (NickelSkinCare.com).
Now, go put your peepers to their proper use: ogling hot chicks!

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Yeux, Billy
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Black's Eye
Balm, Moxie's
Double-Shot
Caffeinated Eye
Cream, Rohto
V. Ice



Nivea's
Revitalizing
Eye Creme
Q10, Rohto
V. Cool,
Nickel's Eyes
on the Rocks,
Ménaji's 911
Eye Gel, 4VOO
Rejuvenating
Under Eye Gel,
Zirh's Restore,
Clinique Skin
Supplies for
Men Daily Eye
Hydrator





January 2006 Contents



ON THE COVER

Ready to play! Our January 2006 Pet of the Month, **Heather Vandeven**, photographed by Claude Trigari. Join Heather for more fun and games at Penthouse.com/heather.

PICTORIALS

60 JOEY

84 IN THE LOOP
Pet of the Month Nevaeh

104 SKYE HIGH

136 LADY IN RED

FULL FRONTAL

12 THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF COLLEGE

14 FLICKS
Sin Cinema

16 SOUNDS
Nick Cave, Taylor Hawkins, and more

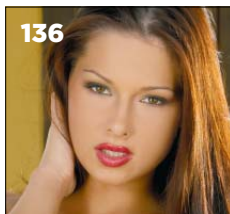
22 DVDS
Hostel; new box sets

24 JOYSTICK
Bad Day L.A., *Lara Croft*, *The Legend of Zelda*, and more

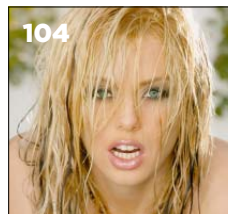
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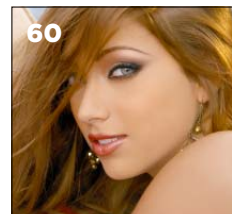
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Tales of Getting Tail

I was at my friend Bob's apartment the other night, sharing a bottle of wine and sex stories of yore with him, when he pulled out his high school yearbook. He flipped through the pages to help jog his memory and stopped at the class of '94.

"Oh, I remember this girl!" He tapped the page where a senior with big bangs and a crooked smile had the word FRANKFUCKER penciled in above her head. "This girl once masturbated with a hot dog and got it stuck in her vagina. She had to be rushed to the ER so the doctors could remove it."

That's weird, I told him, since I also went to high school with a girl who got a hot dog stuck between her

sex legend—a saucy tale with differing details that's told and re-told, typed and retyped, from mouths and in-boxes everywhere.

COCK OR BULL?

Sex-related legends can be true or false—or somewhere in between. What makes a story an urban sex legend is how often it's heard through the grapevine. Though the hot-dog-fucking story has been circulating since the 1960s, there has never been a documented case.

Some legends include celebrities (like a certain movie star with a gerbil-infested rectum). But usually they're about regular people who happen to get caught with a dog in their genitals. Or

dog is doing, though most likely it's walking funny.)

THE MORAL OF THE STORY

People love telling a good story—especially a good sex story, which is partly why urban sex legends continue to propagate. Many tales also contain a moral lesson (e.g., don't have sex with meat by-products), which we should heed to avoid being caught in a similar predicament.

Say you wanted to try cybersex, for example. You might remember getting an e-mail about a college girl who met a man over the Internet. They exchanged fantasies and cyber-boned each other's RAMs out for an entire year before finally meeting face-to-face at a hotel. The girl arrived

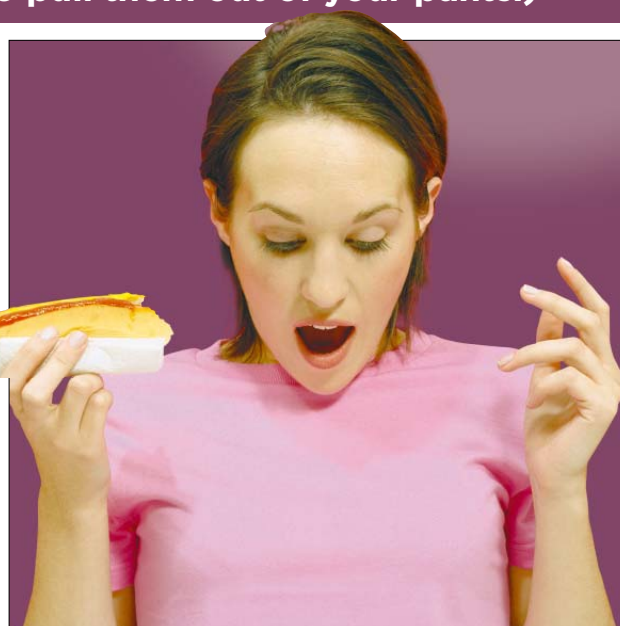
first, lit some candles, and stripped down. When her mystery man arrived, she swung open the door and shrieked, "Daddyé! What are you doing here?é" Her father was equally disturbed to find out his naked little girl was his Internet lover. Although this tale was determined to be false by the urban legend-debunking Website Snopes.com, you can still take away a valuable lesson: Always ask to see a picture of the person you're planning to fuck.

As for Bob's ex-classmate, I told him it was an urban legend and probably wasn't true. "Nuh-uh, it really happened," he argued. "Her sister's best friend's boyfriend drove her to the ER. He told me himself!"
Right.

"That's weird, since I also went to high school with a girl who got a hot dog stuck between her buns. I bet you did, too. Let's see a show of hands. (Sorry, you have to pull them out of your pants.)"

buns. And I bet you did, too. Let's see a show of hands. (Sorry, gentlemen, that means you have to pull them out of your pants.) I'd say more than half of you went to school with a wiener-porker and, chances are, she was the unattainable, ice-cold popular princess. The end of the story varies: Either the hot dog was self-retrieved immediately and put back in the fridge, to be later eaten by her unsuspecting brother, or the frank was found by a doctor weeks later, covered with maggots. You probably heard the story from a friend of a friend, or her second cousin twice removed, or her sister's friend's gymnastic coach's stepdaughter. That's because the hot-dog story is an urban

their genitals in a dog, according to this tale: A British man plays his wedding ceremony video at the reception, but instead of seeing the groom at the altar, the guests are shocked to witness him burying his cock in a bull terrier. And *that's* why you should never record your wedding ceremony using the same tape you used to record your acts of bestiality. This legend has been making the cyber rounds for more than ten years, but as far-fetched as it sounds, it's actually true. There have been several news reports on the incident since it happened. (The man was later convicted and given a six-month suspended jail sentence. No word on how the



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JOEY

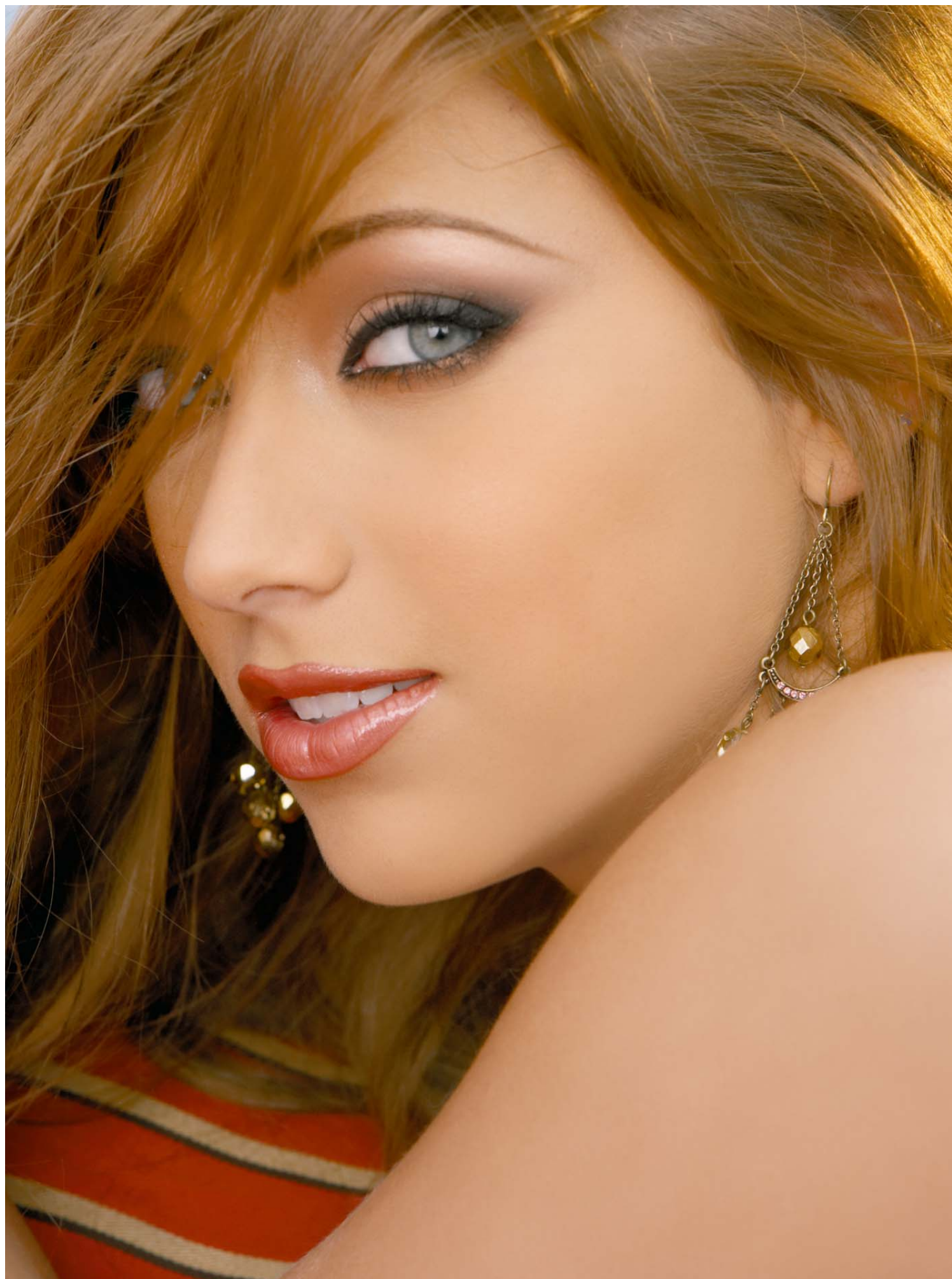
Photographs by Brett Bereny

Twenty-one-year-old Joey Hart is nobody's fool: She's taking advantage of every opportunity her sultry good looks provide. "I intend to travel, party, and enjoy every square inch of my youth!"



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"This summer I'm going to visit Greece—first, because I'm half Greek, and second, because I'm into history. I figure Greece is as historic as it gets. And since I can sum up my sexual experience in three words—'absolutely no regrets'—of course I wouldn't say no to a fling or two."











"I think I'm goofy and easygoing, I can have fun anywhere, and I'm a bit of a dork. I love *The Lord of the Rings* films, *Harry Potter*, and comic-book movies, like *Sin City*." If you want to geek out with this luscious hottie, check out Penthouse.com/joey.

HotMamas

This Mother's Day, we honor the celebrity moms
who fuel our fantasies.

By Elise Nersesian

Illustrations by Darren Thompson



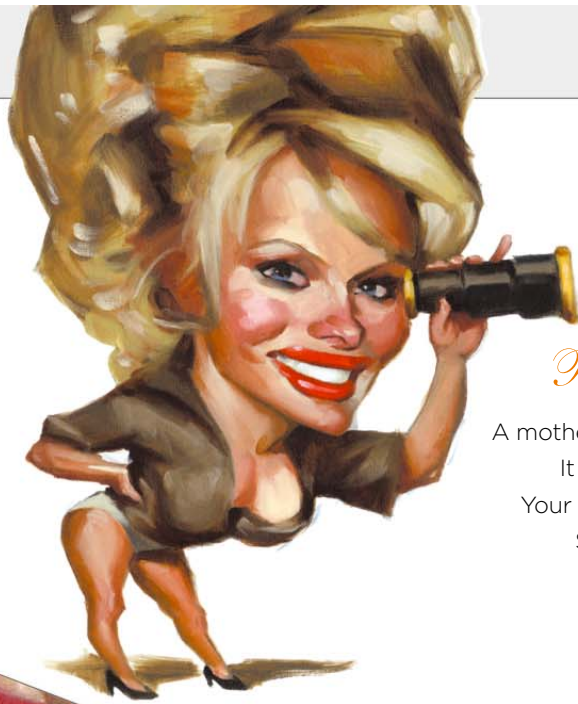
Angelina Jolie

Mom makes us smile.
Mom puts us to bed.
Mom makes things better.
When will you and Dad wed?



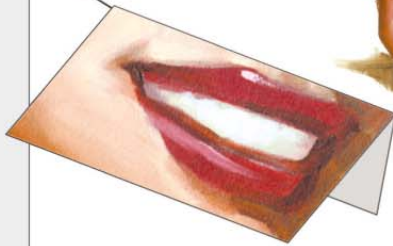
Heidi Klum

Thank you for your love.
It means more than it seems.
But most of all we thank you,
For our Victoria's Secret dreams!



Pamela Anderson

A mother's love rekindles joy and spirit.
It spans from sun to moon.
Your kids need dough for therapy,
So find a husband soon!



Denise Richards

You took me under your wing.
You cared for everything.
But why won't you talk to us
About that scene from *Wild Things*?



Kate Hudson

Hey, little mama,
Let me light your candle.
'Cause after *Almost Famous*,
You're too hot to handle.

NEW YORK CITY

"It's great to be a part of radio history," said Pet **Heather Vandeven** (January '06) at the Howard Stern rally outside New York City's K-Rock studios for the King of All Media's last morning on terrestrial radio. "This is my first public appearance as a Pet, and I can't imagine a better way to begin." She was joined by **Courtney Taylor** (POY Runner-Up '04), **Victoria Zdrok** (POY '04), and thousands of other fans. Waiting in Howard's greenroom for the festivities to begin, the Pet trio delighted in meeting the cream of Howard's "Wack Pack" crop: Wendy the Retard, Gary the Retard, Triple H, Riley Martin, Daniel "KKK" Carver, and pint-size powerhouse Beetlejuice. "I asked Beetlejuice for an autograph but he turned me down, saying, 'No autographs, no autographs,'" says Heather. "I didn't care. I couldn't believe I met all these people in person after listening to them on Howard's show for years."

Another highlight was Victoria's interview with Howard,

Howard's Hot End

during which she stripped down to the bare essentials and got a firm spanking from Artie Lange for being a "plug whore." "Howard teases me because I'm always plugging different *Penthouse* products," explains Victoria. "But he loves me so much. I've been on the show more than any centerfold in history—ten times and counting!"

Courtney was also a sight to behold. She wore nothing but pasties, high heels, and a G-string under her leather trench coat. "Winter be damned!" she said. "I want to look as sexy as possible! I'll catch a cold for Howard, no problem at all." *Penthouse* would like to thank the entire staff at *The Howard Stern Show* for their continued loyalty over the past 20 years. To view sexy Pet pictures from the greatest radio show in history, visit HowardStern.com.


DENVER

Spicy Charlie Dominates Denver



"When I first saw the February issue of *Penthouse*, I flipped out!" **Charlie Laine** tells us. "I screamed, 'Oh, my God! I'm beautiful!' I swear I made myself horny." It's this kind of unbridled enthusiasm that made Charlie the toast of the town during appearances at the Penthouse Club and the annual Wing Bowl, sponsored by KBPI-FM's "The Uncle Nasty Show." "I had the best time meeting fans," she says. "I can put away a lot of wings with a nice pitcher of beer and a cute guy." Charlie can also beat the best of them in a belching contest. "Oh, I'm little, but I can make the Earth move! Believe it."

LAS VEGAS



Melissa's Pretty Pussy

"Hi! I'm Penthouse Pet **Melissa Jacobs**, and this is my pussy!" announced our Milwaukee sweetheart at the AVN Convention in Las Vegas. The October '05 centerfold caused a near fan riot as her Pet Pussy was raffled off every afternoon at the *Penthouse* booth. "It's awesome. I love it!" says Melissa, who joined the long line of popular Pets who have a vibrating pussy toy named after them. "I enjoyed the whole process of making it—having the mold done, and the liquid being poured on my bare beaver. It was pretty hot, actually." PenthouseStore.com

LOS ANGELES



Bald Is Beautiful

"I love men with shaved or bald heads," said sweet 'n' sassy **Cassia Riley** (POY Runner-Up '06) at a Kumho Street Warriorz show in Los Angeles. "I like the way it shines in the light, and how smooth it feels. So right now, I vow to sign every chrome dome I see on tour. It's like I'm putting my sexy stamp of approval on every beautiful bald man I see. It makes me hot!" To find out what else gets our playful beauty going, see her Website, SexyCassia.com.

LOS ANGELES



Pimp & Ho Goes *Penthouse* Style

Our very own Mack Mommy, **Cassia Riley**, and Movement Events hosted the 2005 King & Queen, Pimp & Ho Party, which was held at Club 740 in Los Angeles. More than 2,000 people gathered together to mix and mingle with the sexy set, and to watch the wild and wonderful Cassia crown Orange County hunk Kash and Southern California sex bomb Kim. For more coverage of the slamming soiree, surf over to MovementEvents.com.



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Log on to Penthouse.com to find the latest event in your area, or tell us where you think we should go next. Send suggestions to: *Penthouse* magazine, c/o Promotions Department, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121, and we may drop by sooner than you think.

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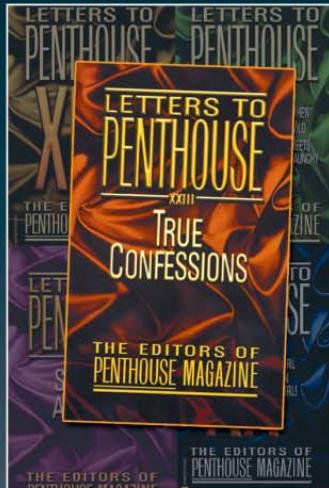
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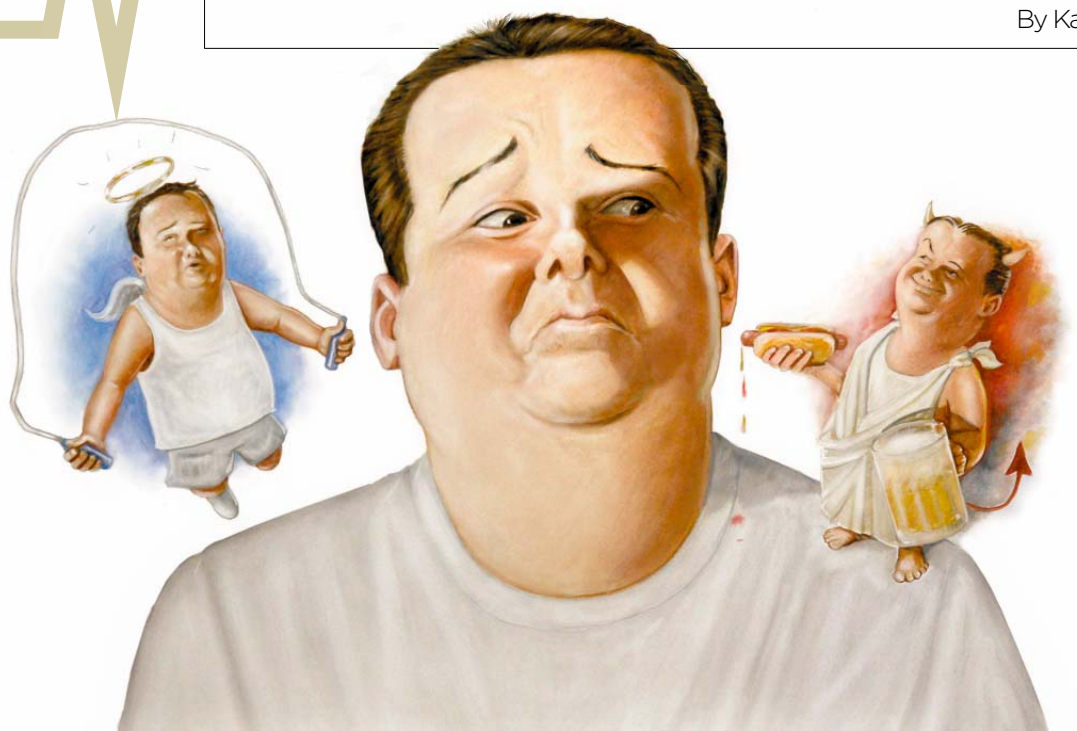
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By Kara Wahlgren



NUTRITION

PARTY TIME

Memorial Day kicks off a summer full of picnics, festivals, and other fun excuses to stuff your face with hot dogs and beer. Before you don your party hat, here are ten ways to keep the extra weight off.

1. Fill up on healthy snacks *before* you go. That way, you won't be starving when you encounter the taco dip.
2. Drink a glass of water before you start snacking. It'll help you feel fuller.
3. Don't jockey for the best parking spot. Park a block or two away, and you'll get some exercise coming and going.
4. Don't mingle by the refreshments table. Hang by the pool or the beer-pong table. (You can bet the hottest girls at the party will *not* be the ones hoarding the bowl of Doritos.)
5. Grab a smaller plate when you hit the buffet, and you'll eat less.
6. Fill half your plate with vegetables, and pass up anything that doesn't fit on the other half.
7. Can't resist the four-cheese dip? Skip the nachos or bagel chips, and enjoy it with raw veggies instead.
8. Eat the filling out of an apple pie, but leave the crust.
9. Don't just man your lawn chair with a beer in hand. Look for a game of volleyball or softball—and jump in.
10. Do damage control the next day: Cleaning up after a party burns 367 calories per hour for a 180-pound man. Or, better still, mow your lawn to burn 388 calories per hour—and offer to cut your neighbors' grass, too. You'll get three times the workout, and they'll be less likely to call the cops on your next shindig.

The summer party season has officially begun. Here's how to survive the barbecues, ball games, and beach weekends without your gut spilling over your board shorts.

HEALTH NEWS

Get the **Lead Out**

The FDA is proposing lower lead levels in candy, which begs the question: There's lead in candy? Well, the previous guideline was 0.5 parts per million. The new guidelines would slash that to 0.1 part per million. Neither exactly qualifies as a lead lollipop. Most candies already adhere to the new guidelines, but some sweets imported from Mexico, like tamarind lollipops and Chaca Chaca, might have higher levels, thanks to traces of lead in salt and chili powder. So, why would the FDA allow any lead at all? Sugar also contains trace amounts of lead. Yum.



HEALTH NEWS



The Cancer Buster in Your Fridge

Pop quiz: What's the point of vitamin D? No idea? That's because it's the fullback of vitamins—it plays a key role, but gets no glory. Vitamin D helps you absorb calcium, which in turn gets all the credit for strengthening your bones and teeth. But now vitamin D has some legit benefits of its own. According to a report in the *American Journal of Public Health*, vitamin D might help prevent several types of cancer, including colon cancer. When it's not letting calcium ride on its coattails, vitamin D actually helps to regulate cell growth and determine whether a cell is going to be healthy or cancerous.

Since sunlight boosts vitamin-D absorption, this sheds more light—get it?—on the recent finding that sun exposure can actually help prevent some cancers. Of course, baking in the sun has its risks, so a better way to get your daily allowance of D (about 400 IUs) is from supplements or food, including yogurt, cheese, eggs, orange juice, fish, and milk.

GET YOUR D

What do you have to eat to get your daily dose?
Here's how the sources stack up.

The Food	Serving Size	% RDA
• Salmon	3½ oz.	90%
• Tuna (canned, in oil)	3 oz.	50%
• Milk (whole or skim)	1 cup	25%
• OJ (vitamin D–fortified)	1 cup	25%
• Pudding (prepared with milk)	½ cup	10%
• Egg	1 whole egg	6%
• Swiss cheese	1 oz.	4%



Salmon has 90 percent of your daily allowance of vitamin D, which helps regulate cell growth and may prevent certain types of cancer.

Get Happy, Get Rich

Repeat after us: *It's a joy to be alive!* Okay, now sit back and wait for it to start raining nickels. Did it work? No? Hmm. Well, don't blame us for trying. According to a review in *Psychological Bulletin*, happy people have more success in life. Whereas the common belief is that money brings happiness, new research suggests that happiness may create wealth. Happy people tend to be more energetic and sociable, which can improve their prospects in everything from romance to job interviews. And one study found that happy college freshmen were making more money than their gloomy counterparts 16 years down the road. So find something to smile about—and you might wind up with a fat bank account to smile about, too.



Save Your Sight

Veggies really *can* save your vision. Findings in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reveal that antioxidants like beta carotene, zinc, and vitamins C and E can lower your risk for macular degeneration, a progressive condition that attacks eyesight when you get older. It usually won't cause total blindness, but it can leave you with only your peripheral vision intact. But people who consumed higher levels of all four nutrients had a 35 percent drop in their risk. Need to up your vitamin intake? Add E by eating whole grains and eggs; for beta carotene, snack on carrots and spinach; get vitamin C from citrus fruits, broccoli, and green peppers; and go for meat and fish to get more zinc. When you can still see the TV in a few decades, you'll be glad you did.

Don't Inhale

The next time you're stuck behind an 18-wheeler in traffic, you might want to change lanes. According to a University of Edinburgh study, fumes from trucks and other diesel vehicles can narrow your arteries and raise your risk of a blood clot. (If you indulge in a high-fat diet, you're even *more* screwed.) Researchers exposed healthy young men to diesel exhaust fumes, then injected them with vasodilators to expand their arteries. After breathing in polluted air, response to the vasodilators dropped, and levels of a clot-preventing enzyme were reduced. In response to the study, the EPA is sponsoring a program to add particle traps to diesel engines. Experts note that more studies are needed to determine whether or not diesel combustion is directly responsible for the vascular troubles.

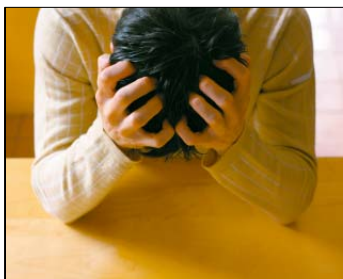


HEALTH NEWS



Med-School Underachievers

Here's a comforting thought: Of all the medical students in the world, plenty just barely skated by. One of those underachievers could be the dude wielding a stethoscope during your next trip to the doctor. If that's not enough of a downer, a new study says that bad students really are more likely to be bad doctors. The study followed grads from the University of Michigan Medical School in Ann Arbor, Jefferson Medical College of Thomas Jefferson University in Philadelphia, and the University of California at San Francisco School of Medicine. Students who were described as "unprofessional" in med school were eight and a half times more likely to face disciplinary action from medical boards later on, researchers found. Warning signs included showing up late for rounds and failing to finish caring for a patient. On the bright side, only 0.3 percent of doctors are disciplined—so even if your doctor sucks, he probably isn't *too* bad.



Ups and Downs

If you suffer from depression, there's good news and bad news. First, the bad news: A Swedish study found that depression can increase your risk for heart disease. Overall, patients hospitalized for depression were one and a half times more likely to develop coronary heart disease. Patients 25 to 39 years old were three times more likely to develop heart disease.

The good news is that treating depression might give your brain an extra boost. According to a Johns Hopkins University study, selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs), such as Paxil, Prozac, and Zoloft, beef up the part of the brain that controls smell, emotion, motivation, and reflexive organs, like the heart. Researchers say SSRIs may actually rewire the brain's way of thinking and feeling.

Mystery Bug

Imagine a bout of food poisoning that lasts for weeks, and you've got an idea of the joys of *Clostridium difficile*. *C. diff* (its medical abbreviation) is an easily spread intestinal bug that can cause fatigue, nausea, and diarrhea. It's usually cured with a round of antibiotics, but occasionally patients develop a persistent infection—and some must have their colons removed to stop the diarrhea. A handful of patients around the country have died from the infection.

Now the bug may be getting stronger. Initially, it affected hospitalized patients, usually the elderly who were already taking antibiotics for other illnesses. But recent cases have hit people who were never in the hospital, and the infection is becoming harder to treat. Doctors worry that overuse of antibiotics may be the problem. The drugs kill the weaker bacteria, leaving only the strongest to survive. The result is a superbug that's resistant to the usual antibiotic treatment. What can doctors do to keep superbugs down? According to J. Thomas Lamont of Harvard Medical School, "If we reduce the number and amount of antibiotics given for trivial infections like colds and stuffy noses, we'd all be a lot better off."



A scary bacterial infection has been sweeping the country, causing debilitating nausea and diarrhea. Doctors say overuse of antibiotics may be to blame.



Hangover Hoax

Before you go shot for shot at the bar, keep this sobering study in mind: That miracle hangover cure isn't going to help you in the morning. According to a report from British researchers, drugs and herbal medicines that claim to prevent hangovers don't actually do much of anything. Researchers tested eight different hangover helpers, including nausea drugs and dietary supplements, and nearly all of them failed to alleviate symptoms. So what's the best way to get rid of a hangover? Don't get one in the first place. Dehydration is a major cause, so guzzle plenty of water along with your alcohol. Space out your drinks to give your enzymes a chance to process the booze, and drink out of highball glasses—you'll trick yourself into pouring less liquor.



Stunning chess grandmaster Alexandra Kosteniuk is rightly proud of her smarts, her ruthless competitive spirit, and her physical stamina. But as you can see, that's not all she brings to the table.

Most women probably wouldn't mind being likened to former tennis beauty Anna Kournikova, but the gorgeous chess grandmaster Alexandra Kosteniuk can do without the comparison. After all, Kournikova failed to win a singles WTA title during her career. Kosteniuk, who started playing chess at age five, has plenty of victories. She is the 2004 European champion, the 2005 Russian champion, and the current women's vice-champion of the world (sort of like being vice-president of the game). Kosteniuk was named a woman grandmaster at age 14. In 2004, she became the tenth woman in history to earn the title of grandmaster (men), placing her in chess's upper echelon, with the likes of Russian legend Boris Spassky (world champion, 1969–72), the troubled U.S. prodigy Bobby Fischer (world champ, 1972–75), and Garry Kasparov (world champ, 1985–93).





CONTENTS

MAY 2006

FEATURES

34 CELEBRITY NUDES

By Mr. Skin

36 GAMETIME

MLS Preview, Masters Golf, NBA Playoffs, and more!

By John Bolster

40 REVERSE THE CURSE PART III

Major League Baseball preview.

By Kevin Hench

50 BILL SIMMONS TOUCHES 'EM ALL

Interview by Kevin Hench

58 SEX DIARY

By Laura Leu

68 HOT MAMAS

By Elise Nersesian

76 ALL THE RIGHT MOVES

Chess hottie Alexandra Kosteniuk.

Interview by Dave Hollander

97 GIRL TALK

"The Best Sex Ever."

By Rachel Kramer Bussel

100 DRIVING FORCE

Menacing Viper. By Jim McCraw

114 GAME ON

Service by Linda Giustino

120 VICES & VANITIES

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

122 TOTAL TRAVEL

Starry Nights. By Rudy Maxa

124 CHIN MUSIC

Bronson Arroyo

Interview by Dave Hollander

130 FIVE-CARD STUDS

They became millionaires by

the age of 30 playing poker.

Article by Sharon Chester-Taxin

144 STAND-UP GUYS

Greg Giraldo

Interview by John Bolster

146 WHERE THE BOYS AREN'T

Girls' school sex secrets. Article

by Ronnie Koenig

160 SIRENS

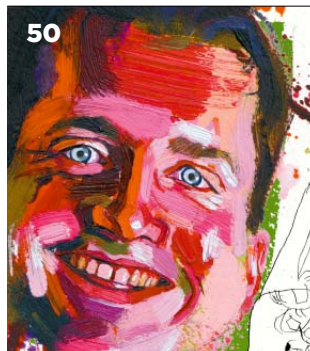
Cristina Scabbia

By Jon Wiederhorn

124



50



46



76



DEPARTMENTS

8 FORUM

30 DRINKSMANSHIP

46 TECHNOMANIA

56 GROOM AT THE TOP

70 PENTHOUSE ON THE ROAD

73 MEN'S HEALTH & FITNESS

81 DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

98 FREEWHEELERS

134 ON THE DESK

150 MILITARY AFFAIRS

152 X-RATED VIDEO

154 RECOVERING FRAT BOY

30



100

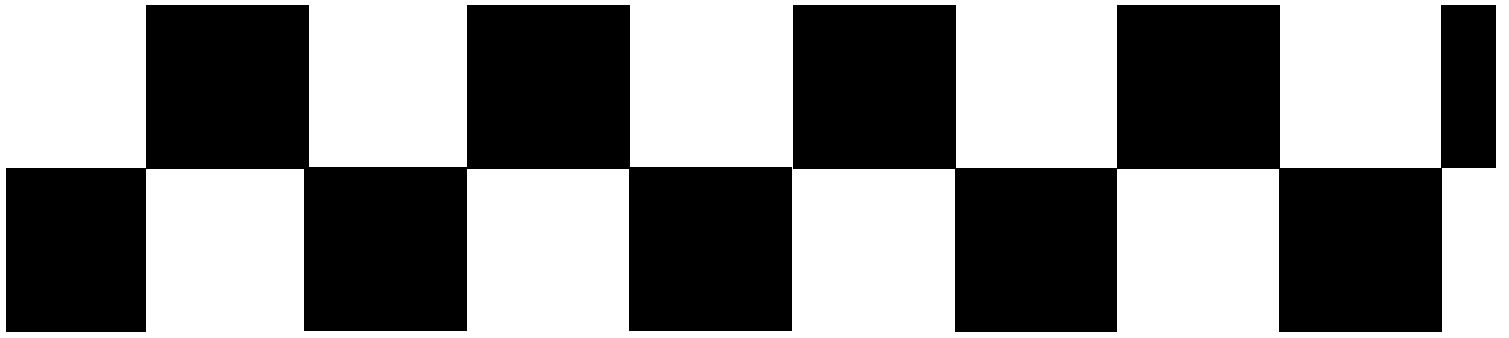




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Chess has become increasingly popular with women, but why has a woman never ranked No. 1 in the world?

It's only recently that more women began to compete professionally. Before, it was a hobby. Now we have women who win money. I do think it's possible for women to play as good as men. They just need to work hard from a very early age.

There are separate women's and men's grandmaster titles. You're one of only ten women in history with both. But why should chess rank men and women separately?

Chess, like other sports, has male and female rankings. But in chess, women can play in male tournaments—and play well. That doesn't happen in tennis or other athletic sports. To play chess well, you need to concentrate for a long time and not make a mistake. For this, you need to be in good physical shape. We still think men are stronger than women, and that gives them an advantage in the long-term game.

Is it accurate to call chess a sport?

I consider chess a sport. I consider myself an athlete because I know how

much effort you need to play chess well. Besides, [for] mental activity you need to be in very good physical shape—to be able to play chess for five, six hours. So part of my preparation for any tournament consists not only of working on chess, but also physical training.

Like lifting weights or aerobics?

Not that, but I run five kilometers every day. During the winters, when in Moscow, I ski. When in Miami, I swim.

What is the best dietary regimen for chess players to improve their performance?

I haven't really noticed anything special on this issue. I think it depends on the individual. I don't really keep any diet.

Are cheeseburgers out of the question for you?

Sometimes I eat a burger, but without bread. You know, only the meat part.

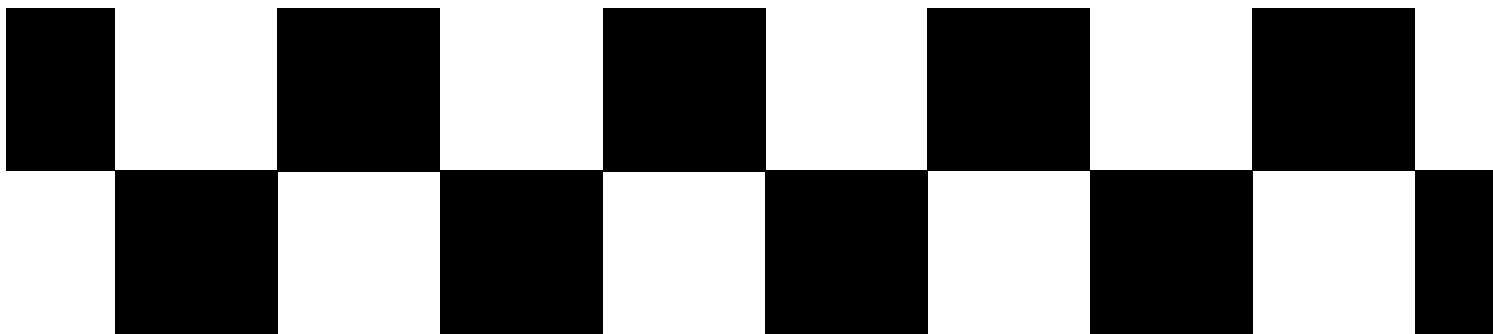
What is the most athletic movement you make while playing a game of chess?

Being able to think for five or six hours under huge pressure is very, very hard. It's difficult to understand if you are not really a chess player. For example, I recently played the North American Open. In America, all tournaments are impossible to play because there are at least two games a day. That means you play for 12 consecutive hours. You can't imagine how hard it is. You know, my dream has always been to see chess as a part of the Olympic games, because I see the Olympics as an important way to measure the ideal in human performance. The winner of the Olympics is someone who dedicates himself or herself totally to this one thing—to win this one thing. I'd like to see the Olympic games not only as the physical contest of humankind, but as the combination of physical and mental. I met Juan Antonio Samaranch, the former president of the International Olympic Committee. I told him what I thought, and we got very close to putting chess into the Olympic games. Unfortunately, Samaranch retired and the whole idea came to a sudden halt.

Do you think if chess becomes an Olympic event, it will open the door for other board games, like Monopoly, Scrabble, and Uncle Wiggly?

Not really, because chess is a little bit different. It's ... well, it's not Monopoly.

What policies does chess have regard-



ing performance-enhancing drugs?

During the world championships, we are sometimes asked to pass the doping tests. That's actually been enacted to help chess become an Olympic sport. But the most dangerous thing for chess is electronic performance enhancement—the use of chess computers. Sometimes players cheat by using chess programs during a game. That's what we really have to be aware of.

Intuition, long regarded as a female quality, is as valuable as calculation in chess. Does that give women an advantage?

A good chess player has to have chess intuition. That doesn't come from being a man or a woman—it comes from your chess experience. That intuition is not solely a female quality.

psychology—to play against an opponent who is *not* a computer. Don't we still like watching track-and-field competitions, even though humans could easily be defeated by cars? I don't think chess is in danger because of the development of computers, but now all the grandmasters are starting with chess databases and computers.

You've been called the Anna Kournikova of chess. How does that feel?

At first I didn't really pay much attention. I told the public, "If it can help chess— attract people and sponsors—then I can handle it. You can call me what you want. I'll always be Alexandra Kosteniuk and nobody else." But I kept hearing this over and over again, even after Anna Kournikova stopped playing, and I don't really like that. I just don't see any reason

show that chess is cool. I attract fans and people not only for chess— though I comment on my matches and started a weekly podcast—but we also have fun stuff. We have many photos of me and other chess players from tournaments. We are trying to show what the life of a chess player looks like. I think people are interested in that. I'm doing my job playing chess, but in this world, marketing is a very important factor.

One of your site's catchphrases is "Beauty and intelligence can go together." Yet you remain unranked in the World Chess Beauty Contest.

I'm trying to show intelligence first, and that beauty can come with it. I show what I'm doing through my chess results. The photos are just hobbies. I don't really feel like competing in the chess beauty contest because I don't understand why I should. I have my own site with thousands of photos. I think that's enough. All I have to prove is in chess tournaments.

Male or female: Who is the best chess player in the world today?

I would like to play with Kasparov one day. He's retired from chess, but he's still No. 1 in the world. In September 2005, Bulgarian chess player Veselin Topalov won the world championships in Argentina. So now he is the [official] world champion.

Has Bobby Fischer completely lost his mind?

I don't know. I've never met him or talked to him to make such an opinion. You know, people can say a lot, but until you see this person, you can't make such a ... I mean, he was a chess genius. Well, I've never met him.

As a kid, were you good at staring contests?

I remember I would play that with my cat. She looked at me and I looked at her, and I said, "Okay, let's see who will be first to blink."

Who won?

I did. She just couldn't compete. ☹️



"Chess was and is the battle of two human beings. What I love in chess is psychology—to play against an opponent who is not a computer."



Since the queen is the most powerful piece, protecting a vulnerable king, why isn't chess seen as the ultimate feminist game?

In Russia, the queen is male. We have a different name for that piece. It's called *feef* [Firzan]. It's the "adviser of the king." I think we are the only country that does it that way.

Increasingly these days, computers are beating world champions. How does this affect the game?

To me, chess was and is the battle of two human beings. What I love in chess is

to call me this now.

How do other female chess players treat you?

Most of the female chess players probably see me as a competitor. They want to beat me. Maybe they want to win a little more against me because sometimes they feel jealous, or just to prove they're better. Well, that's chess. It's competition—I like it.

Your Website is the most-visited chess-grandmaster site in the world.

Why do you think that is?

Because we keep it up-to-date. I try to

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it
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DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



We'll Take a Piece of That

Jenny Shimizu, reportedly **Angelina Jolie's** lover for more than ten years, on what it's like to pucker up with the sexy screen siren: "I've never kissed anyone with a bigger mouth than Angelina. It's like two water beds."



Three's a Crowd?

Howard Stern, on why a threesome isn't for him: "I get jealous. I can't even deal with being left out of something. God forbid they shouldn't pay attention to me."

Simply the Breast

An Australian woman is putting a new spin on art by painting not with a brush, but with her boobs. **Di Peel** achieves her "abstract flower" look by either applying paint to a canvas and spreading it around with her breasts, or applying paint directly to her bosom and leaning on the canvas. Naturally, she signs every picture with her nipples.

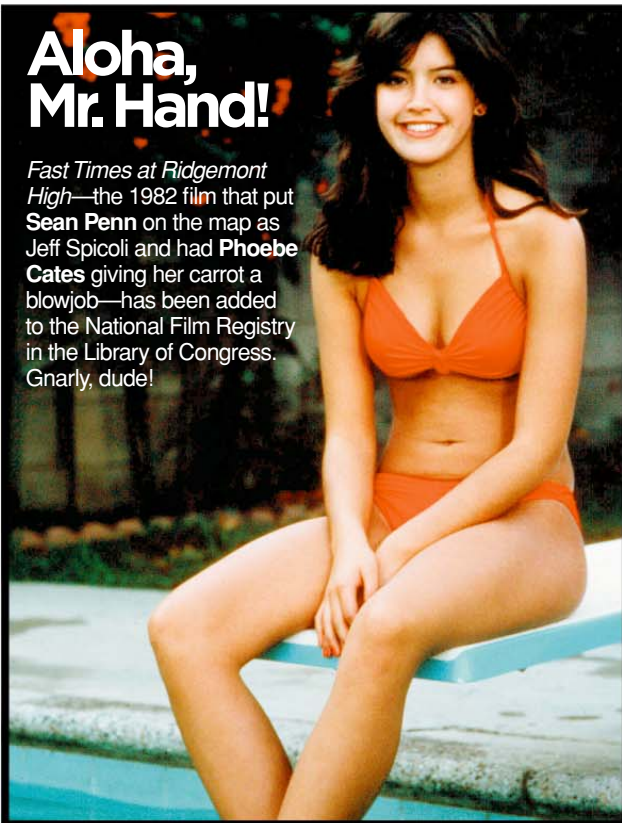


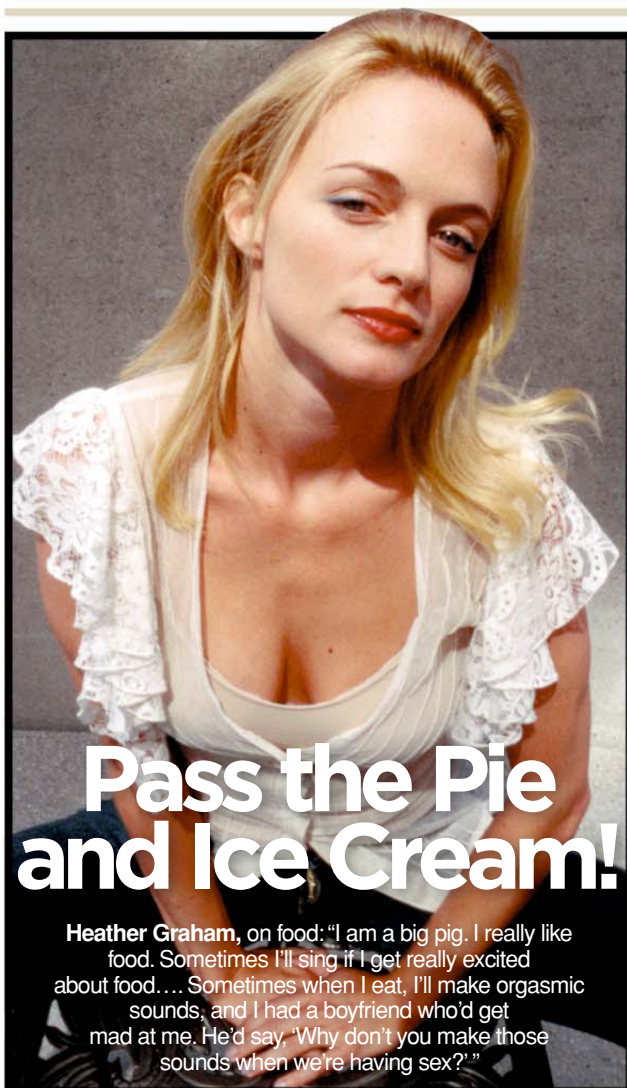
Words to Live by

"I like being the party, not just being *at* the party."—Rocker **Tommy Lee**

Aloha, Mr. Hand!

Fast Times at Ridgemont High—the 1982 film that put **Sean Penn** on the map as Jeff Spicoli and had **Phoebe Cates** giving her carrot a blowjob—has been added to the National Film Registry in the Library of Congress. Gnarly, dude!





Pass the Pie and Ice Cream!

Heather Graham, on food: "I am a big pig. I really like food. Sometimes I'll sing if I get really excited about food.... Sometimes when I eat, I'll make orgasmic sounds, and I had a boyfriend who'd get mad at me. He'd say, 'Why don't you make those sounds when we're having sex?'"

Die at Your Own Risk

There will be no resting in peace in Biritiba Mirim, Brazil. The mayor of the small farm community has asked the town council to make it illegal to die there. The drastic request came after the town's only cemetery reached capacity. A previous decree by Brazil's National Environment Council bars cremation, as well as the construction or expansion of cemeteries in locales that are preservation areas or have high water tables. (Biritiba Mirim fits both categories.)



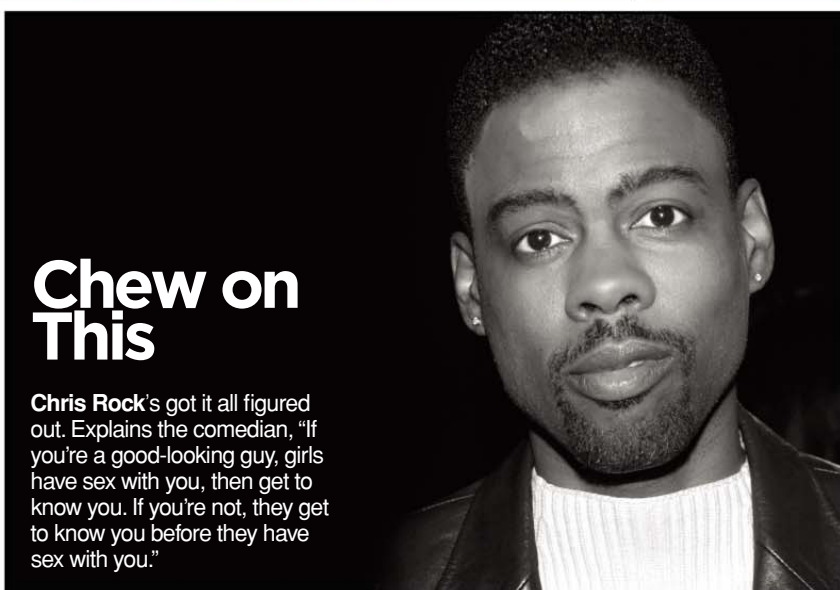
The Ozzman Cometh

It seems **Ozzy Osbourne** really is the Prince of Darkness. Says the missus, **Sharon**: "We have sex every night we're together. Every night. Sometimes I have to tell him I'm too tired, but Ozzy's never tired. I think I might have to file a formal complaint against him."



Spick-and-Span

Just call Seattle SuperSonics forward **Reggie Evans** "Mr. Clean." After taking a mandatory drug test during a game against the New York Knicks, Evans said, "I've been clean since I've been in the league.... I'm just cleaner than clean. I'm cleaner than Pine-Sol."



Chew on This

Chris Rock's got it all figured out. Explains the comedian, "If you're a good-looking guy, girls have sex with you, then get to know you. If you're not, they get to know you before they have sex with you."



Why Not?

Mary J. Blige's latest CD, *The Breakthrough*, includes a track titled "Can't Get Enough." But apparently, the songstress believes there is such a thing as too much MJB. "I don't mind showing my abs and my arms, because I worked hard for them," she says. "But I ain't giving you titty, nipple, pubic hair, or damn near clitoris."



Kinky!

No wonder it didn't work out. **Nick Lachey** revealed in *Elle* magazine that during his marriage to **Jessica Simpson**, he would put on her shoes and walk around in them. "It was sort of a kinky thing we liked to get into," he explained.

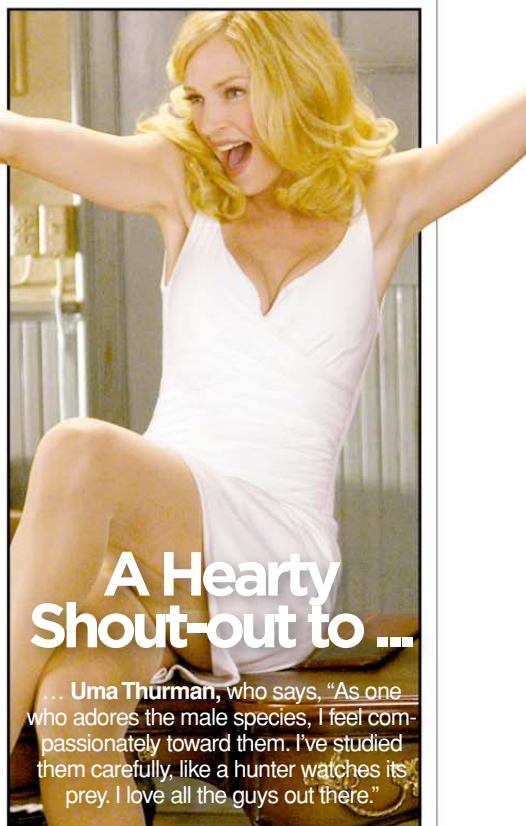


Cracked Rear View

Supermodel **Gisele Bündchen** has a clause in her contracts that prevents her from having to bare her bottom. "It's my booty," she says, "and I feel like when you're walking on the runway, God knows where they're looking. It's not that I feel self-conscious. It's that I feel like my booty should be shown on special occasions, for special people."

Got 'Em by the Nuts

A Colorado couple snacking on some nuts got more than they paid for when they cracked open a filbert and out popped a bright yellow condom. The Rifle, Colorado, chief of police surmised that someone drilled a hole in the nut, emptied the shell, and plugged the hole with wood putty after the condom was inserted.



A Hearty Shout-out to ...

... **Uma Thurman**, who says, "As one who adores the male species, I feel compassionately toward them. I've studied them carefully, like a hunter watches its prey. I love all the guys out there."



In the Loop

Years of ballet lessons taught Nevaeh to move with grace and poise, a skill she uses onstage—and in the bedroom. “I’ve wanted to be a Pet since I first saw the magazine,” says our Chicago beauty. “The sexiest girls are in *Penthouse*!”

Photographs by J. Stephen Hicks



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Now that she's made it, Nevaeh is ready to live out her favorite fantasy: "I'd like to have sex with three hot women in a huge penthouse suite, tearing one another's clothes off like there's no tomorrow." Hmm, sounds like a hot new *Penthouse* DVD in the making! Can we watch?





But Nevaeh isn't limiting her options—bad boys with nice eyes turn her on, too. "I like a man who can touch me in all the right ways," she says.



Nevaeh models her sex-kitten style after the ultimate blonde bombshell, Marilyn Monroe. While posing for these photos, she thought about the last time she made love. "It made me feel so super-sexy," she confides. We can see. To see even more, go to Penthouse.com/nevaeh.





MISS NEVAEH/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



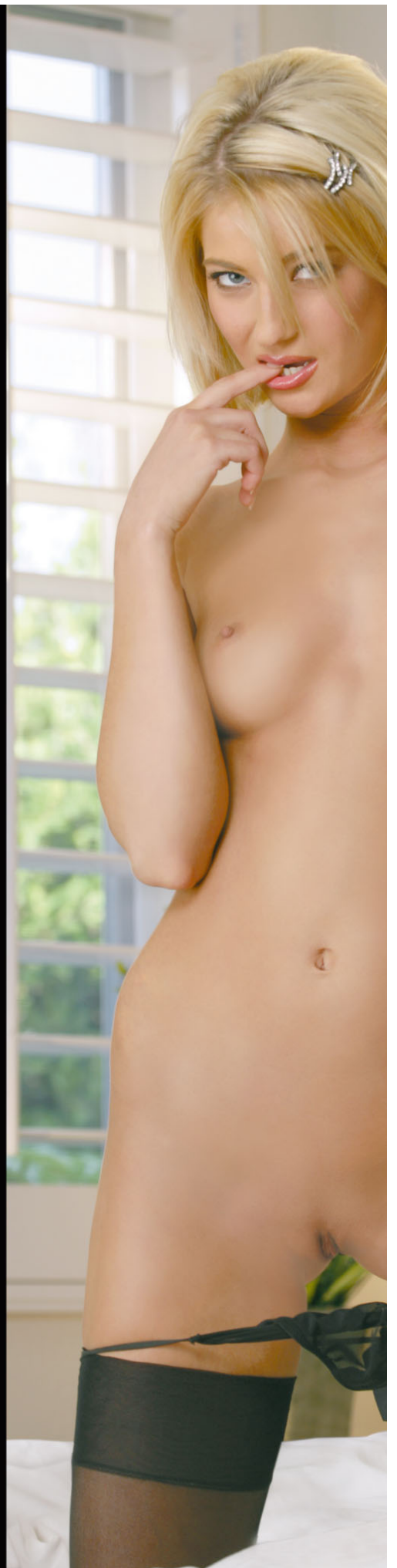




MISS NEVAEH/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







MISS NEVAEH/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



READY WHEN YOU ARE

My wife loves reading the *Penthouse* "Forum" letters so much, we decided to read them together each month. We already have a great sex life, but the letters make it even better. Jade is a luscious, jet-haired nymph. She's about five-five, with a small waist and big tits. I can't even look at her without my head filling with erotic fantasies. Fortunately, I'm always ready when she's willing, and vice versa.

We'd just finished reading the letters in the February issue, and believe me—that was no easy task. Each month it's the same thing: We take turns reading, but keep getting turned on by all the fucking and sucking going on



in the letters. Some nights we only manage to get through a couple of them before our libidos take over.

This time, I'd barely finished reading the last letter when Jade freed my erection from my shorts. In seconds she had her mouth around me and was licking my shaft, then sucking my balls. I'd been hard since she read the first

letter, so she deep-throated me with ease, causing me to cry out in pure joy.

"I want to fuck you," I said. She pulled my cock from her mouth and smiled before deep-throating me again, making my toes curl and my back arch.

"You're going to make me come if you don't let up," I growled, clenching my hands. Jade released my cock and laughed as I rolled onto my back. She mounted me, and her pussy was so juicy that I slipped right in. She felt incredibly hot and wet. When I reached up to fondle her breasts and roll her stiff nipples between my fingers, she went buck wild, riding me like a woman possessed.

"Oh, my God!" she screamed as she gripped my shoulders. I let go of her boobs, gripped her ass cheeks, and held on for dear life while we both reveled in



"Ready when you are," I said, giving her my best "This is going to be so fucking good" look. My hands were now touching all the special places I know make her feel good. Slowly she began rocking her hips to and fro, feeling the firmness of my shaft within her. I'm certain I hit her spot more than once, because a couple of times she froze mid-rock and let out

I kept pushing her until our rhythms finally matched. I was thrusting hard and deep, and she was giving as good as she was getting.

"Oh, fuck! I'm coming! Come with me, now!" she screamed. I was right there with her. I made one final thrust and felt my balls draw close to my body. My cock stiffened even more. Then my body jerked and shuddered

"When I reached up to fondle her breasts and roll her stiff nipples between my fingers, she went buck wild, riding me like a woman possessed."

the waves of pleasure that rippled through us.

Jade collapsed on my chest when she came, her hot breath burning my neck. We were both breathing hard, like we'd just finished running a marathon. But my cock, which was still lodged inside her pussy, was rock hard. I was ready to go again.

I waited as long as I possibly could. Then I started to gently knead Jade's plump ass. "What, again?" she asked. But her hips were already rotating against mine when she spoke.

the deepest moan I'd ever heard.

Her slow grinding was driving me crazy. "Come on, honey," I begged. It had to be my turn now, right?

But Jade took her time, raising and lowering her love box over my cock. I started to pump with her, trying to get her to pick up the pace. She started to go faster, and

as I spewed a mega-load of come into her pussy.

We were covered with sweat and come, but it didn't matter. We fell asleep in each other's arms and didn't awaken until the following morning. That's usually what happens once we start reading those steamy letters.—M.C., Florida

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

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The Best Sex Ever

While baking cupcakes with my friends Laurie and Alice, our conversation turns to sex (as it often does). I'm in a bit of a dry spell, so I love hearing my friends' juiciest tales. "What's the best sex you ever had?" I ask, greedily waiting for their answers. Their expressions turn thoughtful as they mull over their wildest sex romps.

down my pants. I was like, 'Oh my God'—the door was still open and my ass was hanging out in the hallway!" she giggles.

"We kicked the door closed, and he started giving me oral on the way to the bedroom. Then, with all my clothes on except for my pants, he went down on me. My feet were hanging off the

Laurie's best sex also involves getting head. (I'm beginning to see a connection here.) She was on a book tour with a few other authors, and one night at dinner, Dan was going on and on about how much he likes going down on girls. She was surprised because he's British and didn't seem the type to be so openly lusty. Later, at a

that he was so into it. He wasn't just doing it for my sake—he really liked the taste of pussy, and told me so very explicitly. It's very decadent to just lie back and get eaten out by a guy every time you fool around. Usually, if anything, it's the other way around."

That's a hard act to follow for any guy. But both girls

"He wasn't just doing it for my sake—he really liked the taste of pussy, and told me so very explicitly. It's very decadent to just lie back and get eaten out by a guy every time you fool around."

"I have one that comes to mind," confesses Alice, a shy-looking girl with a lusty hellcat lurking inside her. "During my last relationship, I'd had a horrible day at work and told my boyfriend I just wanted to come home and chill in front of the TV. But as soon as I walked in the door, he pulled

bed. He did all the things I like, and I came and came and came." But why was it the best sex ever? "It was completely unselfish. It wasn't just a prelude to having sex. I didn't have to reciprocate—he was just totally into it. After we were done, he said, 'Okay, let's have dinner.'"

bar, she whispered in his ear, "What you said earlier really turned me on." That was all she needed to say before they were in bed, where he kept her more than satisfied with nonstop oral sex—all night and for the rest of the week. "It wasn't just the fact that he went down on me, but

agree that even when their boyfriends aren't perfect, they get major credit for trying—when they do. Alice tells me, "I dated this one guy for seven months, and he only wanted to try two positions and never wanted to give head. I'm not Miss Sex Goddess or anything, but I just wanted some doggie-style once in a while. It felt like he wasn't interested in me. I was begging him to watch porn with me to get some ideas!"


Which brings us back to one of the main things a guy can do to give his girl the best sex ever: Be enthusiastic. There are some things you can't fake. It's great to be adventurous, but if you're only doing something to please your partner, it's going to show. Focus on your strengths, and take cues from her—but not too many. "I like guys who don't get offended if I tell them how I want them to touch me, but I like it even more when they can just intuit it from how I move and the noises I make," Laurie says. "That's what makes a really good lover." 



Illustration by Janet Woolley



FREEWHEELERS

Handling the Hottest Handlebars



Minimalist Muscle

Radical yet basic, Confederate Motorcycles' latest offering blends board-track racer simplicity with a dose of modern mayhem.

Motorcycles are comparatively simple machines, yet few man-made objects provide a broader canvas for creative minds to exhibit their design prowess. Ever since the first crude engine was bolted to a bicycle frame, artisans have played with every aspect of the motorcycle to enhance function while creating a stylistically unique and evocative model.

Confederate Motorcycle Company is a small concern that embraces the creative spirit, and rails against today's "me, too" school of custom chopper design. Its latest creation is the Wraith, a startling machine that draws from many past design elements, but blazes a distinct new trail.

From its elegant aircraft-aluminum backbone to the huge carbon-fiber struts locating the multi-link front suspension, the Wraith flexes some massive minimalist muscle. This isn't just a one-time design choice—it's pretty much Confederate's whole philosophy.

"We call it 'skeletal minimalism,'" explains Matt Chambers, Confed-



erate's founder, CEO, and chairman of the design committee.

"This means we leave everything open, minimal, and pure. We like to showcase the craftsmanship. It costs a little bit more to do, because you're not covering everything with fairings and bodywork."

Confederate Motorcycles started in 1991, migrated from San Francisco to Louisiana in 1994, and set up its headquarters and production facility in New Orleans in 2002. Wiped out last year by Hurricane Katrina, Confederate is now setting up shop in Birming-


ham, Alabama. The fact that its new headquarters are near the Barber Vintage Motorsports Museum is no accident.

"One of the reasons we moved to Birmingham was to be in proximity to the best motorcycle collection on the planet," Chambers admits. "You see amazing design in these motorcycles, especially the pre-1916 bikes, when guys were in their really free-form stage. Unlike our Hellcat model, which is based more in the thirties, the Wraith design is really reflective of the machines of the

early 1900s, like the Pierce, Cyclone, Flying Merkel, and the board-track racers of the period."

The 2006 Wraith will be available early this summer. The engine is a 100-cubic-inch, air-cooled V-twin generating more than 120 horsepower for the unique 410-pound chassis. The MSRP is \$55,000.

"What we're working on here is very strong, confident American design," Chambers says. "We believe strongly in integrating diversity in form and multiple influences, all at once, with comfort and ease. And we're doing this in a way that celebrates the people who actually build the motorcycle by showing off what they do."

"We use incredibly tight cutlines and a design that showcases how tight our tolerances can be," he continues. "I'm not talking about beautiful paint and chrome. I'm talking about making the guts of the product with the same skill and quality you find with the finest Swiss watches." 504-561-9122, or Confederate.com 

Confederate starts with a blank slate, then proves you can blend a two-wheeled Batmobile and an Australian funnel-web spider to forge a gorgeous ride.

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The original 1989 Dodge Viper—with its V-10 engine, 450 horsepower, manual transmission, flimsy convertible top, conventional power disc brakes, no ABS, and no traction control—was about as pure as a sports car could be. No fancy stuff: just drop-dead good looks, massive power, huge Michelin tires, and a price tag designed to keep the hand-built, plastic-bodied Viper exclusive.

The Viper has earned the top spot at the world's most prestigious racing events, including the 24 Hours of Le Mans, which it won more than once; the 12 Hours of Sebring; and the 24 Hours of Daytona, where it won overall.

The second-generation Viper SRT-10 Roadster was introduced in 2003 with an edgier look, a convertible top that worked, and still more power and torque. Now the new Viper SRT-10 Coupe joins the Roadster, making them two of the baddest, nastiest cars ever built in America.

The Coupe is built around an 8.3-liter, or 505 cubic-inch, pushrod V-10 engine that now produces 510 horsepower and 535 foot-pounds of torque, and has a six-speed manual transmission. With 90 percent of those 535 foot-pounds available







The new Viper Coupe has a look unlike any other car on the market, with a racing pedigree that includes wins at Le Mans, Sebring, and Daytona.



from 1,500 up to 5,600 revolutions per minute, there's power everywhere, all day long. Said power is delivered to the pavement through a Dana Hydra-Lok, speed-sensing, limited-slip differential.

The new Coupe is about twice as stiff as the convertible version, much quieter at high road speeds, and generally more civilized than any previous Viper. But the 3,450-pound Coupe offers the purest kind of acceleration and stopping performance:

0.9g on the skidpad, zero to 60 mph in 3.9 seconds, 60 to zero mph braking in less than 100 feet, and zero to 100 mph and back to zero in the low 12-second range. Think about that one for a minute.

The luscious body, with its double-bubble roof, dramatic rear styling, and wrap-around-and-tuck-in taillamps, is unmistakable. From an aerodynamic standpoint, the stiffer, stronger Viper Coupe body also has more downforce and high-speed stability, with its fast-sloping roofline and tall decklid spoiler.

It takes enormous braking power to stop a car going 190 mph. The Viper covers that with Italian Brembo dual-piston calipers in the front and rear, gripping enormous 14-inch rotors. The new Coupe also features antilock brakes, but does not have traction control as we know it. Instead, it uses the variable-locking differential in the rear axle to lay down the power.

The Viper's intense handling and solid ride come from aluminum four-wheel independent suspension and lightweight coil-over shock absorbers. It rides on forged aluminum wheels, 18- by 10-inches at the front, and 19- by 13-inches at the rear. The tires are Z-rated Michelin run-flats: P275/35 ZR18 front, and P345/30 ZR19 rear.

The interior features black and brushed-metal décor, twin bucket seats with hefty bolsters, power-adjustable pedals, an AM/FM/CD radio with internal six-disc changer, a 310-watt amp, and seven speakers—as if you could find better music than what comes out of the side exhausts.

This Viper Coupe is super-quick. It's got massive amounts of torque from 1,000 to 6,000 rpm, and then you just shift up a gear and try it again. The engine pulls hard from almost any rpm in any gear, and will drive away in sixth from 1,500 rpm.

Throttle modulation is very good. The clutch pedal is light, with a short pedal travel. The six-speed manual needs a strong, precise hand for maximum driving rewards.

Key to the Viper's performance are those monster tires. Michelin has always been the exclusive Viper tire supplier. It continues to upgrade the tires' wet- and dry-handling capabilities and torque-handling capacity with each succeeding generation.

We admired and appreciated the consistently excellent performance of the huge 14-inch Brembo ABS brakes. Combined with the giant tire footprints, the brakes pull the 3,450-pound Viper down from speed as if it were a 150-pound go-kart.

The steering feels like it has been calmed down a bit. It doesn't hunt around like the original Viper did, but it's neither dull nor slow, with a very hefty weight and solid on-center feel in the fat, molded steering wheel.

Chrysler's Street and Racing Technology (SRT) group has engineered a front-to-rear weight balance of 49.4 percent front, 50.6 percent rear, which is about as close to 50/50 as you can get. That makes it turn in very forcefully. The suspension is near race-quality in the way it keeps the body perpendicular to the road, but it won't rattle your brain until the road surface gets really bad.

In addition to performance, you get exclusivity when you buy a Viper. It's hand-built to order in Detroit, and there are only about 15,000 Vipers extant.


This Viper is quicker, faster, and more civilized than that of the previous generation, and it's among the fastest production cars in the world. It is stiffer than



The luscious body, with its double-bubble roof, dramatic rear styling, and wrap-around-and-tuck-in taillamps, is unmistakable.

the convertible, which improves steering, stability, and handling. The new incarnation is even more powerful, with more torque than the original V-10.

The lightweight plastic body has more built-in downforce for high-speed handling. It is huge fun to drive approaching the limit, kind of nose-heavy neutral—then you *really* have to be very careful.

In terms of comfort, we'd be happy to drive this one from Tijuana to Tuxtla Gutierrez—unlike the first Viper Roadster, which we wouldn't have driven to the corner store. The Viper Coupe will sell at Dodge dealerships for about \$83,000; the Roadster, for about \$81,000. 

Viper Comp Coupe

If you really want exclusivity, you can apply to own one of the 20 or so Viper Competition Coupes slated to be built this year for the SCCA Speed World Challenge, Viper Cup, and other racing series. But keep in mind, they're not street legal. You get a tuned-up engine with a racing exhaust system, racing clutch and brakes,

a racing chassis, carbon-fiber body panels and doors, a giant rear spoiler, a racing seat, six-point harness, a fire-suppression system, a roll cage, an electronic data acquisition and display system, and a window net.

The Competition Coupe version is about 400 pounds lighter, with about ten additional horsepower,

and the brakes are spectacular. You'll need \$130,000 and a racing team, or a racing license, to buy one, but just imagine pulling into the drive-in on cruise night in one of these rockets. We got to put a few laps on a Comp Coupe at Laguna Seca in Monterey, California. It was an absolute stone-scary blast!







We're looking for the hottest girls in America.
Go to PenthouseModels.com



Skye High

Brittney Skye teased millions of viewers by streaking at the U.S. Open. She's not teasing any longer.

Photographs by Ken Marcus

“When I’m
ready for
action with a
guy, I’ll get
him alone and
say, ‘Wanna
have sex?’
Then I’ll tell
him—and
show him—
how I like it.”









"During my photo shoot, I *really* made love to the camera," the curvy 28-year-old California girl reveals. "The best part about modeling? Being sexy! The best part about modeling for *Penthouse*? Getting wet! I'm always in the mood for that."



Our 32D-24-33 sex bomb gets off on kickboxing and riding dirt bikes, but she also enjoys the comforts of home. "Watching a movie can be very relaxing," she says. "My favorite sex scene is the threesome in *Wild Things*."





"Streaking at the U.S. Open was certainly the most daring thing I've ever done," Brittney laughs. She told the media at the time, "I thought it would be a great way to get exposure." She was right! Check out Brittney's full exposure at Penthouse.com/brittney.





Game On

What's more important than sports? Yes, we know—sex. But can't that wait until after the big game? This hot gear will let you sweat in style—and look hot for the ladies. (You can have it all!) You don't have to look like a pile of dirty laundry, even if you're wearing one.

From beer cozies to barbecue sets to salt-and-pepper shakers, we've got your pregame covered. In case of rain, bring an umbrella and poncho. When the puck drops or after kickoff, lounge on a beanbag and throw on a cool throwback jersey. And after the final whistle blows, you and your buddies can retire to your game room for a round of darts or pool.

You'll find equipment or souvenirs for every sporting occasion as America's top outfitters step up to the plate and deliver a grand slam of sports-themed goods—some modern, some retro, and all available online.

■ GAME DAY

New York Yankees adjustable wool game cap. \$20. SportsSection.com

Notre Dame bottle jersey. \$6. SportsFanfare.com

Chicago White Sox long-sleeve T-shirt. \$25. SportsSection.com

St. Louis Cardinals 42-inch folding umbrella. \$23. SportsSection.com

LSU Tigers football jersey. \$50. FansEdge.com

New York Mets wet-weather poncho. \$15. SportsSection.com

Texas Longhorns barbecue set. \$70. SportsFanfare.com





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■ KICKIN' IT AT HOME

Chicago Blackhawks
team beanbag chair. \$55.
SportsSection.com

St. Louis Rams NFL Riddell
replica full-size helmet. \$88.
SportsFanOutlet.com

Green Bay Packers team crew
socks. \$10. SportsSection.com

New York Jets flannel pants.
\$25. SportsSection.com

Colorado Avalanche
home replica jersey. \$70.
SportsFanOutlet.com

Dale Earnhardt Sr. throw
blanket. \$30. Sports
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Philadelphia Eagles beach
towel. \$25. SportsSection.com



Model: Nicole Herold, NicoleHerold.com; makeup: Kim BowerWilliams Image Group; hair: Leslie Ramirez for Benistry

■ SIDELINES

Denver Broncos golf balls. \$30. SportsFanfare.com

Boston Red Sox fuzzy dice. \$13. SportsSection.com

New England Patriots wastepaper basket. \$25. SportsSection.com

Cleveland Browns stainless-steel travel mug. \$20. SportsSection.com

Denver Broncos team logo playing cards. \$8. SportsSection.com

San Francisco 49ers salt-and-pepper shaker set. \$15. SportsSection.com



■ HATS OFF

Wisconsin Badgers. \$17. SportsFanOutlet.com • New England Patriots. \$25. SportsSection.com • Pittsburgh Steelers. \$18. SportsFanOutlet.com • Los Angeles Lakers. \$20. SportsSection.com • Miami Dolphins. \$25. SportsSection.com • 1949 Muskegon Blue Lassies. \$25. DistantReplays.com • Boston Red Sox. \$20. SportsSection.com • 1978 Milwaukee Brewers. \$28. DistantReplays.com • 1975 Philadelphia Phillies. \$28. DistantReplays.com • N.Y. Yankees. \$25. SportsFanOutlet.com



THROWBACK THROWDOWN

New Orleans Saints retro shirt. \$52. DistantReplays.com

Houston Astros tee by Moonlight Graham, inspired by the team's 1980s uniform. \$22. DistantReplays.com

New York Yankees replica authentic home jersey. \$80. SportsSection.com

USC Marcus Allen Rose Bowl jersey. \$80. DistantReplays.com



POSTGAME

St. Louis Cardinals black leather tri-fold wallet. \$25. SportsFanfare.com

Boston Red Sox hip flask. \$25. SportsFanfare.com

NASCAR Dale Earnhardt Jr. checkbook cover. \$30. SportsSection.com

Detroit Red Wings elite watch with bracelet band. \$90. SportsFanOutlet.com

Los Angeles Dodgers chrome Zippo lighter. \$28. SportsFanfare.com

New York Yankees cuff links. \$45. SportsFanfare.com

New England Patriots 14-karat-gold charm. \$50. SportsFanOutlet.com



■ GAME ROOM

Green Bay Packers dartboard.
\$150. SportsFanfare.com

Denver Broncos Eliminator cue
stick. \$75. SportsSection.com

St. Louis Rams tank and panty.
\$17. FansEdge.com

Washington Redskins Country
sign. \$45. SportsSection.com

Barry Bonds San Francisco
Giants plaque. \$72.
SportsFanOutlet.com

1942 New Orleans Pelicans
baseball cap. \$34. Ebbets.com

Oakland Raiders freezer mug.
\$13. SportsSection.com

Cleveland Browns coaster set.
\$15. SportsSection.com

NFL billiard ball set (two teams),
Patriots versus Eagles. \$200.
SportsSection.com

VICES & VANITIES

Sex from Z to A

ASK DOC ZDROK

Find Her Pleasure Pulse

Either my girlfriend doesn't have a G spot, or it's not responsive to stimulation. Is it possible I just can't find it? What am I doing wrong?—E.L., Texas

Alas, Dr. Z does not pay house calls, so I can't show you personally! However, try these techniques: Her G spot will be easier to find after plenty of foreplay because it swells as her arousal increases. Once she's revved up, have her lie on her back with her legs spread and her knees bent. Make sure your fingernails are trimmed, and have water-based lube on hand. With your palm facing upward, gently slide your index and middle fingers into her vagina, making a slow "come hither" motion against the front part of her upper vaginal wall. The G spot will feel like a small patch of

her orgasm will free you up to discover new turn-ons together.

The Dating Game

I'm very reserved and shy, and haven't been successful at the dating game. Recently, I went online for dating advice, which got me depressed. Basically, it seems like guys are supposed to be jerks to get women. So what's a nice guy like me supposed to do? Learn stupid jokes and pickup lines? Or should I become an arrogant asshole in order to get laid?—M.O., New York

Don't try to be someone you're not. Arrogance is one of the least attractive characteristics in people, and is usually perceived by women as overcompensation for insecurity. The only women who fall for the lines that "dating experts" advise are those with low self-esteem. They aren't the ones you want to date—unless you're a sadist or have infinite

alone or with your best pals—and make a list of your strengths and weaknesses. And be honest with yourself! Making small strides to decrease your weaknesses can reap huge rewards. You can project your confidence by: smiling in a sexy, inviting way; engaging her in interesting conversation; listening closely to her; and maintaining good eye contact. Know what your best qualities are and make the most of them in social settings. Eventually, you'll develop an attitude that's appealing to women.

The Sex Workout

My girlfriend practices Kegel exercises every day, and it's done wonders for our sex life. Lately, she's been encouraging me to exercise my pelvic muscles, claiming it'll further improve our sex life—but I'm skeptical. Does it really work for guys?—N.A., Pennsylvania

"Opt for such positions as doggie-style or modified missionary (with a pillow under her butt). These moves will put your penis in direct contact with her G spot."

bumpy tissue. You'll know you've gone up too far if you reach her cervix, which is smooth and firm. You've hit the bull's-eye if the area you're stroking arouses her. Massage in a rhythmic motion, applying varying amounts of pressure. Switch to a flickering move, or trace a circle. Don't be surprised if she feels like she has to pee—the feeling usually subsides. With further stimulation, it could result in an off-the-charts O. Once you've mastered her inner hot spot, opt for such positions as doggie-style or modified missionary (with a pillow under her butt). These positions put your penis in direct contact with her G spot. Finally, don't worry if G-spot love isn't her cup of tea. Exploring each other's bodies without pressure to make

patience for self-deprecating females. Most women prefer men who are comfortable in their own skin, have a strong sense of themselves, and project a quiet aura of self-assurance and class. They like men who are never cocky, but instead remain approachable and down-to-earth, even after the woman admits her interest in them. But keep in mind that women often get turned off by desperate, clingy, or overbearing guys. So approach a woman believing you're a worthy match and that she's lucky to have caught your eye. There may be a good chance she'll reach that same conclusion.

How do you project self-confidence? One simple approach is to sit down—either

Your girlfriend is right! Like women, men can also benefit from exercising their pelvic muscles to gain greater control over their erections and to delay ejaculation. Here's the real deal: Simply flex the muscles you use to stop and start the flow of urine. By the way, these are the same ones you'd use to hold back an oncoming orgasm. Repeat this a few times every day to feel the effects. Or, during intercourse, try a technique called "peaking": When you feel yourself on the brink of orgasm, squeeze your pelvic muscles to delay ejaculation. Practicing this method on a regular basis will not only help you stave off your orgasm, letting you last longer in the sack, but it will also result in a more intense release.



GETTING TO ME!

If you have a question, a story, a sex toy for me, or just a (nice) comment, please visit Penthouse.com/drz, e-mail victoria@penthouse.com, or send snail mail to Dr. Victoria Zdrok, Penthouse, 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

ON MY SHOPPING LIST

Dr. Z prescribes the following cures for your **sexual stagnation**:

Spicing things up doesn't necessarily mean twisting your bodies into complicated, pretzel-like positions. In fact, there are plenty of products out there that promise to light your fire. These may not always work as touted, but you're bound to have fun trying them!

Zestra: This liquid mixture of natural ingredients has been proven to intensify the male orgasm when applied to the glans of the penis. It can also be massaged onto her genitals to increase blood flow and sensitivity. \$21.99. Zestra ForWomen.com

Clavo huasca: This extract of clove vine is found in the rainforest. It's supposed to increase both of your libidos and encourage a soothing slumber. \$19.95. Rain-Tree.com

Scentuelle: This scented patch, worn on her wrist, promises to flood her with feelings of excitement and passion. Women who wear the patch can sniff it every hour to boost desire. \$35.35. Scentuelle.com

A German study revealed that men who stared at women's bare breasts ten minutes per day had lower blood pressure and pulse rate, and less incidence of heart disease, than the control group who did not get a daily dose of the healing eye candy. That should make your Penthouse subscription deductible as a medical expense!

HOW TO ...

Break Up With Her

1. Have your best friend feign romantic interest in her. Then you can throw a jealous fit and announce that it's over.
2. Spend all day downloading porn off the Internet. Leave some literature from Sexaholics Anonymous (SA.org) where she's sure to find it.
3. Suddenly take up drinking heavily, cigar smoking, and eating red meat. Then say you can't go on pretending to be someone you're not. With luck, you get to enjoy the drinks, cigars, and steaks while she packs her bags.
4. When she calls, change your voice and tell her you're really your evil twin who she hasn't met. Describe the twisted sex acts you intend to perform on her bound, naked body.
5. Let her catch you trying on her panties. If that doesn't work, try on her lipstick and wear her bra.
6. If No. 5 doesn't send her running for the hills, confess

that you have always felt like a woman trapped in a man's body. Ask her if she would still love and support you after your sex-change operation.

7. Say your therapist diagnosed you with an incurable case of commitment-phobia. Ask if she wouldn't mind sharing you with the dozen other women you intend to date.

8. Call her and confess that you've contracted a rare and incurable communicable disease—and now it's airborne! She'll run out to get herself tested, and rest assured, she won't be back.

9. Announce that you joined a cult that requires eternal celibacy. Bless her and say she's now your spiritual sister. Your real blessing will come when she disappears from your life.

10. If all else fails, tell her you're gay. However, if she says, "I knew it all along," you may want to revisit your wardrobe and stop watching *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*.

SEX DEVICE OF THE MONTH

Immortalize Your Penis

What: For the guy who wants to give his girl a "gift that keeps on giving," there's the Clone-A-Willy kit. With this, or a similar one from Create-A-Mate, you can make a mold of your penis. Insert a vibrator into the replica ... and voilà! Your cock rocks! For those who have night-vision problems, Clone-A-Willy also sells Glow-Powder to add to your Liquid Rubber mixture mold, so your dildo glows in the dark.

Why: When you've got to travel, do you want your girl popping in a porno and dreaming about someone else's 12 inches? Or do you prefer that she reaches for a perfect match to your

johnson? Hand her the clone and a tube of lube!

Drawback: To get a good mold, you must hold an erection for at least five minutes, with your cock immersed in the gooey, messy stuff. Sound like a challenge? Just open my Pet of the Year issue.

Bonus: If you're between girlfriends, you can always mount the clone on a pedestal and display it in your trophy case. Nothing like having a conversation starter for when you bring a date home for a little nightcap!

Where: CloneAWilly.com or CreateAMate.com.



Starry Nights

Glance over your shoulder ... is that Julia Roberts?



Wouldn't it be fun to lounge by the pool of a fancy resort with a movie star? Hey, celebrities need vacations, too. Here's a thumbnail guide to hot spots where your chances of sunning with Bruce Willis or Julia Roberts are better than average. Even if you don't catch a star, these resorts and hotels still rank as wonderful vacation spots:

■ **Parrot Cay, Turks and Caicos.** Take a one-hour commercial flight from Miami, then sail 45 minutes on a private boat to this 60-room resort on a 1,000-acre private island. Bruce Willis is a proud owner of the resort's beachfront villa, which is available for about \$3,000 a day when he's not there. Double rooms start at \$465, including breakfast and airport transfer. Summer deals run \$390. ParrotCay.com

■ **Beverly Hills Hotel, Hotel Bel-Air, Four Seasons Hotel Los Angeles, the Peninsula Beverly Hills, and the Regent Beverly Wilshire.** These five hotels in L.A. are favorite venues for television networks and movie studios hosting press junkets to promote new shows and flicks. That means stars stay there during their obligatory days of promotional interviews. Count on nightly rates of \$350 or more. BeverlyHillsHotel.com, HotelBelAir.com, FourSeasons.com/LosAngeles, BeverlyHillsPeninsula.com, and RegentHotels.com

■ **San Ysidro Ranch, Montecito, California.** Tucked into the countryside next to Santa Barbara, this cozy getaway for Hollywood stars has hosted the honeymoons of Julia Roberts and Danny Moder, Sandra Bullock and Jesse James, and John and Jackie Kennedy. A private gate ensures seclusion. Rates begin at \$540 a day, including breakfast. SanYsidroRanch.com

■ **Hotel du Cap Eden Roc, Cap d'Antibes, France.** This is the mother of all star-studded hotels, perfectly located on the tip of a cape along the French Riviera. The hotel is closed from October to April, but this doesn't hurt business, since the guest list during open season includes Middle Eastern royalty, movie stars, and random billionaires. Only cash is accepted, and rooms start at more than \$1,000 a night. The next best thing to checking in is dining at the Eden Roc restaurant, perched over the water. Go for lunch so you can ogle the adjacent pool scene. EdenRoc-Hotel.fr

■ **Maroma Resort and Spa, the Mayan Riviera, Mexico.** A 30-minute drive south of Cancún brings you to this elegant beachfront resort set among palm trees. Recent guests included Tom Cruise and Katie Holmes just before their engagement. MaromaHotel.com

Light as Air Deals

In the summer, flying to Europe gets expensive, especially to such popular destinations as Italy. Here are several ways to beat the retail prices:

■ **Consider using “hidden” airways.** Everyone knows that major carriers—such as British Airways, American, United, and Continental—link New York with London. Instead, price a seat on Air India (AirIndia.com), which makes a stop in London between New York and Delhi. You may save a couple hundred dollars.

■ **Check out these lesser-known discount carriers to Europe:**

Dusseldorf-based **LTU International Airways** (LTU.com/world) flies to Germany from Miami, Fort Myers, Orlando, New York, and Los Angeles. The Website holds a unique four-minute auction at 9 P.M. Eastern time, with ticket prices declining every ten seconds. Just click when the price looks like a deal, and hope you can grab a seat.

Eurofly Airlines (EuroflyUSA.com) offers service from May to November between New York and the Italian cities of Rome, Naples, Bologna, and Palermo.

Also, keep in mind the original European discount carrier, **Icelandair**. Although you have to change planes in Reykjavik, Iceland's capital, the big payoff is scoring a modest fare. You can include an overnight layover and experience the city's hot nightlife. Plus, you'll be flying the airline your parents flew when they were hippies looking for a cheap fare to Europe. For more details, visit Icelandair.com.

LTU International Airways is one of the few affordable carriers to Europe. Save money on airfare—and splurge on some fun.



Care for a movie, some popcorn, or a chocolate truffle? Let your butler at the Chanler take care of your every need.



Screen Gems

Anyone can order a movie on the hotel television, but only the Chanler, a luxury Rhode Island inn, offers a movie butler.

Select a movie from the in-room menu, and your butler brings you the DVD—along with a bowl of warm, truffle-scented popcorn, a plate of chocolate truffles, and matches to light your gas fireplace. Warning: The hotel also offers an “elopement package” that includes a justice of the peace on demand. Double rooms begin at \$345 a night. TheChanler.com

Amtrak now offers movies.

Passengers can rent a personal audio/video system called a digEplayer on the Auto Train from Virginia to Florida. The device holds 15 full-length movies, as well as hours of sitcoms and music. Amtrak wants to offer the digEplayer, which weighs two pounds and has a seven-inch screen, on other long rail routes. The rental fee is \$19.



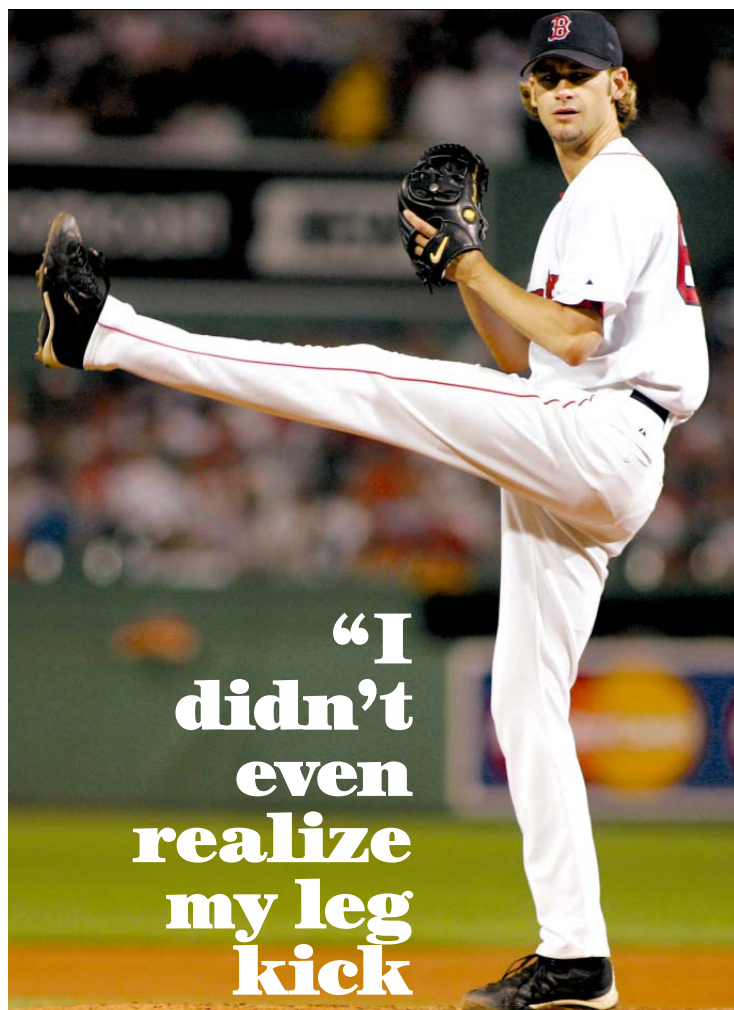
A Conversation With Bronson Arroyo

Now that the Red Sox are two years and several players removed from their epochal World Series victory, the team stands at a crossroads, facing a number of tough questions.

Penthouse's Dave Hollander talked with one of the stars of that championship team and asked all of them.

MUSIC





“I didn’t even realize my leg kick

was different from other guys’ until I was in the rookie league with the Pirates.”

Born in Key West, Florida, and named after Hollywood tough guy Charles Bronson, Bronson Arroyo was earmarked for special things from the start. Though he’s never made anybody’s All-Star team, Arroyo drew national attention two years ago as a charter member of the “idiots” Boston Red Sox team that won the hearts and minds of baseball fans everywhere. Amid that hirsute mob of Johnny Damon, Jason Varitek, and Kevin Millar, the lanky six-foot-five right-hander fashioned his own statement of quirk, sporting cornrows and delivering pitches with an eye-catching, Rockettes-style leg kick. It didn’t hurt his popularity with Boston fans that year when he plunked Alex Rodriguez (unintentionally, Arroyo claims) at Fenway Park, setting off a bench-clearing

brawl that included Varitek delivering a catcher’s-mitt sandwich to A-Rod’s face.

Indeed, Arroyo was perfectly suited for the Island of Misfit Ballplayers that was the 2004 Sox. He toiled for nine years after being drafted out of high school in rural Brooksville, Florida, by the Pittsburgh Pirates, shuttling up and down through the organization as an unremarkable middle reliever. In 2003, the Red Sox picked him up on waivers and tried to make him a starter. That strategy paid dividends on August 10, 2003, when Arroyo, pitching for the Sox Triple-A affiliate, the Pawtucket Red Sox, spun the fourth nine-inning perfect game in the 121-year history of the International League. As the fifth starter for the Red Sox in 2004, Arroyo won ten games, figuring in six games of their legendary postseason run. Last year he improved to 14-10. He heads into 2006 as a 29-year-old with six years of major-league experience whose best years may lie ahead.

Arroyo is also chock-full of interesting off-field attributes. He released a surprisingly well-received CD, featuring his gravelly baritone takes on hits from the Foo Fighters, Stone Temple Pilots, Goo Goo Dolls, and others. Some of the original artists even played on the album with him. Truth be told, it ain’t bad. In the off-season Arroyo toured extensively, sharing the stage with acts like Kanye West, Gavin DeGraw, and Howie Day. Rock-star turn aside, Arroyo likes nothing more than to spend time in his hometown of Brooksville—where he lives with his wife, Aimee, during the off-season—and pick at his guitar on the front porch with family and friends.

Considering all of baseball’s current issues—steroids, the big-market/small-market gulf, a doofus commissioner—we thought it would be nice to start the 2006 season with a breath of fresh air. Bronson Arroyo: just a good ol’ boy, never meanin’ no harm.

Since you were named after Charles Bronson, why do some call you *Brandon Arroyo*?

[Laughs] Yup, some people like to call me Brandon. I took the Brandon thing from Alex Rodriguez as a backhanded compliment. But, you know, we’ve had our quarrels, so it’s no big deal.

What’s A-Rod got against Charles Bronson?

Probably nothing. I guess he’s got a little something against me.

Your CD, *Covering the Bases*, is a recording of 12 mostly late-nineties grunge-rock hits, with you doing vocals. What’s more, you have an all-star studio band backing you. Can you describe the experience of singing Alice in Chains’ “Slide” with the band’s bassist, Mike Inez, playing behind you?

I tell you what, being an Alice in Chains fan and watching *MTV Unplugged* for so long, it was an honor working with Mike. Later on I had a show in Santa Monica, [California,] and he and I did an acoustic set together. Mike actually used a bass guitar he put in his closet and hadn’t touched since [Alice in Chains lead singer] Layne [Staley] died. It’s the one that says, “Friends don’t let friends give friends haircuts.” It was awesome, man.

Novelist Stephen King has a spoken-word cameo during your cover of the Foo Fighters’ “Everlong.” How did that come about?

Stephen was a big Red Sox fan and had just finished writing a front-to-back diary of the 2004 season. So we asked him if he wanted to be on the record. He said he’d listen to it, and if it sounded like shit, he wasn’t going to be on it. But he loved it and wrote two parts for it. It’s probably one of my favorite things on the whole album.

What’s he like?

He’s a little strange, I think. When I talked to him, he said, “I just love working on this record, man. I think it’s gonna sell like mad bastards.” Who ever thought to put the phrase “mad

bastards" together? No wonder he's a writing genius. **Other athletes, like Bernie Williams, Alexi Lalas, and Shaquille O'Neal, have recorded albums. Do you mind yours being lumped into the category of "athlete vanity project"?**

It doesn't bother me. I realize the opportunities I have because I play in a Red Sox uniform. On the other hand, I'm kind of glad people want to doubt me because I hope they listen and change their minds. Part of the reason why I play stripped-down acoustic sets is so you can better hear my vocals and my guitar.

You've gained legitimate music cred performing vocals on the song "Tessie" by the Dropkick Murphys. I don't think anybody wants to fuck with them, do they?

[Laughs] They're definitely a rough group from Boston, man. Those guys get active onstage. I really dig their stuff.

You've also branched out into television, with two TV credits to your name.

Which are you prouder of: *I Love the 80s 3-D* or *The 47th Annual Grammy Awards*?

Honestly, I'm not proud of either one of them. I haven't even seen the *I Love the 80s* thing, but I'm sure it's not that good. The only people I see on there that are funny are the comedians.

How are you dealing with the groupie aspect of rock stardom?

Baseball is basically the same way. There's always people around who want to hang out with you. I play it pretty low-key. I go out and have a good time, but you got to keep things in perspective, man. I go home where I grew up, Florida—where I live now. It's a nice little redneck town, and it always gets my feet back on the ground.

How would the Red Sox feel about you making another album?

Probably not real thrilled. [Laughs] I think they don't mind me doing the music as

long as it's not getting too big. Last season, some of our management thought I was dedicating too much time to playing shows. These guys pay my bills, so ...

The Red Sox organization has changed a lot since winning the 2004 World Series. How much would you have missed [general manager] Theo Epstein?

If he hadn't come back in some capacity, I think everyone would have missed him hugely. He brings an element to the general manager [position] that I don't think baseball has ever seen—a guy that young and in touch with the players' wants and needs. For him not to be around would have been a detriment to the organization. I'm glad he's back.

Which will be weirder: seeing Johnny Damon in a Yankees uniform, or seeing him with a shave and a haircut?

For me it would have to be a Yankees uniform, because I've seen him with a shave and short hair since he was in high school, then with Kansas City and Oakland. But nobody's ever seen him in pinstripes. That's definitely gonna be weird.

Will the clean look hurt Damon's career?

I find it hard to believe he will find the same status in the city of New York that he had here in Boston.

How well do you think his naked pull-ups will go over in the Yankees clubhouse?

[Laughs] You know, I'd say they're probably not gonna go over very well. But after talking with Alan Embree and Mark Bellhorn last year [both of whom played for the Yankees in 2005], they say it's not quite as stiff over there as you think it would be.

In 2004, you went with cornrows. What do you think about dress codes in professional sports?

I'm not real fond of them, but I understand there's a time and place for everything. We have to wear suits a lot of the time on the plane, and if it was up to me, I'd wear a



torn-up pair of jeans and a Kurt Cobain T-shirt.

Are you political?

No, man. I don't really like to talk about politics or religion because I really don't give a shit about either one of them.

Right now, there are only four position players left from Boston's 2004 championship team. What's that about?

From my point of view, it's about a miscommunication between the front office and the players, and a little bit about egos. It's people butting heads and not wanting compromise.

Would Epstein have handled the Damon situation differently?

I don't know, because Theo was there for a reason—to save the team some money when he could. But I feel like Johnny probably would've stuck around a little longer had Theo not resigned, even

if just out of respect for Theo.

What do you think of the Florida Marlins selling off their stars and clearing their payroll?

It's something sad in baseball that you don't like to see. Everything always comes down to the dollar bill. You know, it's good for the fans to see those same players year after year. When teams are having fire sales just to save money, it's tough to swallow.

Who deserved last year's A.L. MVP award?

Without question, I would've given it to David Ortiz. Alex Rodriguez's numbers overall were probably a smidgen better, but if you're taking the guy who is the most valuable player in the league because he's the most valuable player to his team ... You know, from the seventh inning on, without David Ortiz, the Boston Red Sox don't win a



**“The
Red Sox**

**don’t
worry
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just
want a
zero
on the
board,
and
they
don’t
care
how
you do
it.”**

lot of ball games. Without Alex Rodriguez, the Yankees still do what they did. **Since becoming a Red Sox starter, you’ve led the league in hit batsmen (2004) and finished third last year. If you went to the National League, where you would have to bat, would those figures change?**

Honestly, in the last two years I’ve only hit two people on purpose. And A-Rod wasn’t one of them. My life wouldn’t change at all [with that switch] because for the most part, it’s guys getting accidentally hit on fastballs on the inner-half, or breaking balls that hit lefties’ legs.

Last year you were suspended for six games after hitting two Tampa Bay Devil Rays batters, the second time clearly in retaliation for brushbacks to Manny Ramirez and David Ortiz in the previous inning. After the game you said, “If the situation calls for it, I have no problem protecting guys on my team.” How early in his career does a pitcher learn that fact of baseball life?

By the time you get to [the] Major Leagues, you better have learned it, especially if you’re playing with a team that has superstars like Ortiz and Ramirez. The only way to gain respect from your teammates and manager is to do the right thing, even if you don’t want to.

Your high leg kick is pretty old-school. Is it an homage to legendary Red Sox pitcher Luis Tiant?

No. I started doing that completely unconsciously at an early age, probably six or seven years old. I didn’t even realize my leg kick was different from other guys’ until I graduated high school and was in the rookie league with the Pirates. I watched myself on film and I was like, *Wow, my leg kick is a little different.* As the years have gone on, more and more people comment on it.

Like Andy Pettitte and Greg Maddux, you are considered very good at defense and holding runners on base. Is there too much stress these days on power pitching and not enough emphasis on defense, placement, movement, and the overall craft of pitching?

Especially in the minor leagues, people worry about the radar gun too much.

Once you get to the big-league level, it depends on what organization you’re in. With the Red Sox, they don’t worry about velocity. They just want a zero on the board, and they don’t care how you do it. When I was with Pittsburgh, a lot of times they were worrying about whether you were throwing 92 or 93 miles per hour. If you were throwing 88 miles per hour, they didn’t feel like you were as effective. So, yeah, I definitely feel like there’s too much emphasis on people’s velocity.

The 2005 World Series champs, the Chicago White Sox, put an emphasis on starting pitching and complete games. Former pitching greats Tiant and Tommy John insist that pitchers get stronger by pitching more innings, not fewer. What do you think about that?

I tend to agree with a lot of the old-timers. I think our bodies can handle more than they give them a chance to. I’d definitely love to take the ball one day and have my manager tell me, “You got nine no matter what,

and you can throw 300 pitches because we got nobody left in the pen.” But those days are likely gone. I think they probably protect us a little more than they should. Though sometimes, when it gets to a certain point in the game, it doesn’t mean you *can’t* get someone. [It means] you have lights-out fresh arms in the pen that can close out a game.


Looking at the A.L. East this year, the Toronto Blue Jays appear to have improved with the acquisitions of Bengie Molina, Troy Glaus, and A. J. Burnett. The Yankees also didn’t sit still. Your Red Sox added Josh Beckett to a staff with you, Matt Clement, Tim Wakefield, and possibly Curt Schilling. How’s that division going to look this year?

I don’t think anyone is 100 percent sure what the Red Sox are going to look like. I think Beckett’s going to be one or two in the order. He’s definitely an ace when he’s healthy. I think a lot will depend on how healthy Schilling is coming into spring training. Overall, I feel like our pitching staff has kept pace with anybody in the league.

In the National League, how ’bout those Mets?

[Mets general manager] Omar [Minaya]—he’s not scared to spend some money. He’s showing his people—his team and his employees—“Hey, I’m going to go out and do the right thing, and I’m trying to win—not save money.” I think that’s what made him attractive to guys like Pedro Martinez. He’s showing that he’s willing to sacrifice for some wins.

And look how much fun Pedro is having. Do you talk to him much?

No. I love Pedro to death. It’s just that there’s certain guys you’re tight with and you’ll call when they go to another team, and there’s certain guys you won’t. Pedro was never a super-mingler away from the field. He’s kinda on his own program. 



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Good bets: Poker winners (from left) Nick Schulman, Erick Lindgren, and Michael Mizrachi lay their cards on the table.

Grooming: Neil Wilson

five-card studS



They became millionaires before the age of 30. How did they acquire their vast wealth? The old-fashioned way—playing poker.

They're usually single. They don't hold college degrees. Some of their résumés are so thin, you can practically see through them. Forgoing the conventional route to earning a living, these young men decided to take a gamble, and it paid off—big-time! Each of these three has earned million-dollar paydays, all with a mere turn of a card. They're professional poker players, and their game of choice is Texas hold 'em.

Whether it's straight, stud, or even strip, no one can deny that poker has been a part of our culture for a very long time. "Calling one's bluff," "upping the ante," and "poker face" are part of the American lexicon. But who would have thought the nickel-dime poker games you played in your parents' basement would transform into regularly televised events drawing millions of viewers all over the world? Poker terms like "flop," "turn," "river," and "all in" are becoming commonplace in homes across the country.

Poker has gained unprecedented popularity and prestige in recent years. This is due in part to the fact that Texas hold 'em is so simple to learn that almost anyone can play. Moreover, with the abundance of Internet poker sites, games can be played anytime, anywhere. What's even more alluring is that you don't have to be a pro to play with one. Anyone who pays the entrance fee (called a "buy-in") can play in a Texas hold 'em tournament and try his or her hand at winning \$1 million. Although buy-ins for high-stakes tournaments can be costly, ranging from \$10,000 to \$25,000, the winners of "satellites"—less expensive tournaments—played live and online are awarded a buy-in to the main event.

Poker tournaments became a big draw in Las Vegas with the birth of the World Series of Poker at Binion's Horseshoe in 1970. But the game's recent spurt in popularity is due to the use of hole-card cameras, which allow viewers at home to see each player's hand. World Poker Tour Enterprises was the first to use the cameras in nationally televised U.S. tournaments. The *World Poker Tour* TV series, which broadcasts 17 of the biggest tournaments around the world, is currently in its fourth season. *WPT*, with \$100 million in prize pools up for grabs, is the highest-rated show on the Travel Channel.

**By Sharon
Chester-Taxin**

**Photographs
by Michael
Murphee at the
Borgata**

Erick Lindgren, age 29

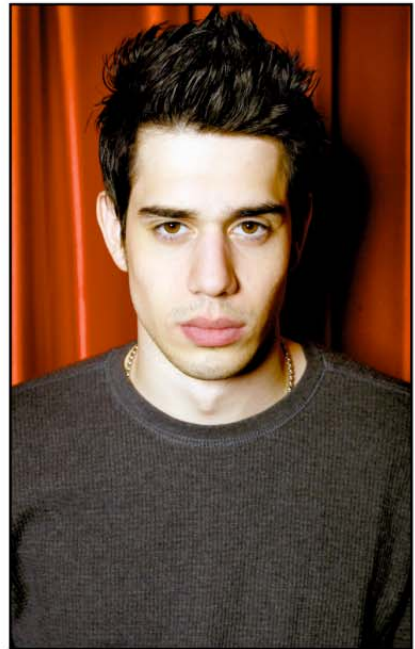
Originally from the small town of Burney, California, Erick "E-Dog" Lindgren started gambling on basketball and football at an early age. By age 19, he had his own bookie. "He drove a '56 Chevy and would come by and collect. He was a scary guy," Lindgren recalls.

"I started playing \$3 and \$6 hold 'em at a local Indian casino in Northern California and started winning right away," he says. "In 1998, I started playing poker on the Internet. I had three computers in my bedroom and was playing up to eight games at once. I was making pretty good money. At

constantly working to try to play better." Lindgren practices by playing online and watching a lot of poker on television. "My TiVo is full of it," he says. "I study the plays just like a football coach would watch a game tape."

Even when the chips are down, Lindgren keeps a positive attitude. "The most I ever lost was a quarter of a million dollars," he says. "It happened one night at the Bellagio, playing a \$1,500- to \$3,000-limit poker game. When I left that night, I only bought *myself* drinks," he jokes. "But it didn't really faze me. It's just how the business goes."

Lindgren has advice for aspiring poker players: "Win in your



age 22, I was making over \$10,000 a month playing \$20 to \$40 hold 'em.

"I dropped out of Butte Junior College in my second year," Lindgren reveals. "When I first got into poker, I didn't tell my family. But when I dropped out of school to play, they weren't too happy—especially during those first years when I was struggling. Playing poker, you tend to go broke a lot, but I had good friends who helped me out. Then I came to Vegas to expand my game."

His persistence paid off: In December 2002, Lindgren won more than \$220,000 at the Bellagio Hotel's Five Diamond World Poker Classic. Six months later, he took home \$500,000 from the World Poker Tour Aruba event. In 2004, he triumphed over 545 other players to receive the \$1 million payday on the World Poker Tour's PartyPoker.com Million cruise to Mexico. "After my victory, we opened up the bar on the cruise ship, and I ended up with a \$22,000 bill the next day!" he recalls. "I had a bottle of Dom in one hand, pouring for everybody, and I had another bottle in my other hand that I was just drinking out of. It was pretty wild."

Lindgren, who has an endorsement deal with Knob Creek Bourbon and is the author of *World Poker Tour: Making the Final Table* (Collins), has been living in Vegas for the past three years. "I bought a million-dollar home there and a Cadillac Escalade," he tells us.

Lindgren plays poker anywhere from zero to 60 hours a week. He says, "The one thing that makes me different from other players is my work ethic—I've worked very hard to get where I am today. Poker is a lazy man's game. It's really easy to blame your losses on bad luck. Sometimes it's hard to tell if it's a fluke or if you're just not playing your best game. I'm

spare time. Don't quit your job—there's never a rush to declare yourself a pro. If you can continually win, then you can quit your job and just play poker. The game will always be here."

Michael Mizrachi, age 25

Nicknamed "the Grinder" for his ability to slowly obtain his opponents' chips until there's nothing left, Michael Mizrachi has made quite a name for himself in the poker world. The Grinder had five first-place finishes in 2005, and although he's never made it to the final table in the World Series of Poker (the closest he came was 230th out of 5,700 entries), he's won the most cash in that series. Mizrachi has raked in more than \$5 million during his career. In December 2004, he won more than \$270,000 in the Five Diamond World Poker Classic. He placed first out of 538 entrants in the L.A. Poker Classic, earning the prize of more than \$1.8 million. But the thrill of the game is what keeps the Grinder coming back for more.

"You never know how much you're going to win, or even if you're going to win," Mizrachi says. "The traveling, the money, and the excitement of the game is what makes it so intoxicating. It's a mind game, and I get a thrill out of it. I can manipulate the other players through my style of betting and how I'm playing. I can talk them into doing things I want them to do."

At age 15, Mizrachi started playing cash games with his three brothers. He gave up on college because playing poker all night prevented him from making it to class in the morning. He worked for a short time as a busboy and a waiter at a local Bennigan's before parlaying his poker skills into a job aboard a cruise ship as a dealer and a "prop"—a

player who sits in on games to fill up the tables. While working as a dealer at the Seminole Casino in Hollywood, Florida, Mizrachi met his queen of hearts: a fellow dealer and poker player named Aidily Elviro. They now live happily in Florida and Las Vegas with their two young children.

Mizrachi isn't the type to just let his winnings sit in the bank. "I've bought a lot of jewelry and cars," he says. "I bought the new 2006 M5 BMW. I've got two Navigators, an Impala, and a Grand Marquis, just to travel in. I bought an RV bus for six months to travel around with the family, but it was too hard to drive and too small to live in. So I just bought a house in Vegas instead." Mizrachi is more than happy to share his good fortune with others. "I'm a very generous tipper," he says. "The bill can be 20 bucks, and I'll give the waitress \$100 just to see how she'll react."

On January 23, 2006, Mizrachi placed second at the Gold Strike World Poker Open in Tunica, Mississippi, taking home more than half a million dollars. Nine days later, at the Borgata Winter Poker Open in Atlantic City, New Jersey, Mizrachi reigned supreme over the no-limit hold-'em championship event and won close to \$1.2 million, in addition to a new Escalade. This was Mizrachi's second win on the WPT.

Mizrachi prefers playing live to online. "I can pick up people's body language better when playing live. Online, you can only pick up betting patterns," he notes. Mizrachi advises potential players to always stay focused and get enough sleep before a tournament. "If you're winning, don't stop," he says. "But if you're losing, know when to stop." How to really learn the game? "Just watch me play."


Nick Schulman, age 21

Nick Schulman is the youngest player ever to win a WPT event. In November 2005, just two months after his 21st birthday, Schulman blew away a field of 782 players to win the main event at the Foxwoods 2005 World Poker Finals. His final hand against 46-year-old Anthony Licastro ended with a flourish (or "flush," we should say) when Licastro went all in on the turn card with two pairs, eights and deuces. Schulman, holding a spade flush, called. The river card failed to bring Licastro the full house he needed to beat Schulman, and the kid from New York City walked away with \$2.2 million.

Prior to becoming a professional poker player, Schulman was a successful pool player, and he competed in the U.S. Open of pool at age 15. He worked part-time as a bike messenger and a file clerk, and used his spare time to hone his aggressive playing style. Schulman played with friends in underground poker games and began playing online at age 19. After attending Hunter College for a year, Schulman dropped out to pursue poker full-time. "When I started, I was playing 12 to 13 hours a day," he says. "It's hard to stay in school when you know you can make a living [playing poker]."

But that wasn't always the case. "A year before Foxwoods, I was practically out of money," he recalls. "I was playing badly and was unlucky. I was close to quitting and close to losing the money I had put aside for poker—I had \$150,000 and was down to a few thousand. I borrowed some money from a few people, built it back up again, and paid them back."

Schulman shared some of his winnings with his family and is in the market for a new BMW—although living in Manhattan, he says, it may be tough to find a parking spot.

"I'm more humble than other players, because I'm always trying to learn," Schulman says. "Poker can be very lucrative and fun, but you have to work at it. Lots of people are chasing the dream of being a poker player. It might be unrealistic, but then there may be someone out there who's destined to be the next great poker player." 

GOING ALL IN



For guys whose card experience is limited to being the butt of the joke "52 pick-up," here's a quick lesson in Texas hold 'em:

- 1.** One player starts as the dealer, or "button." Play begins to the left of the dealer and continues clockwise. The two players to the left must "blind bet"—put money into the pot before they look at their cards.
- 2.** Each player is dealt two "pocket cards" that only they can see. Depending on how good a player feels his hand is, he can "bet" (put money into the pot), "raise" (increase the bet), or "fold" (withdraw from the game).
- 3.** The dealer then turns over three community cards, called "the flop." Each player now has a five-card hand. Another round of betting, raising, or folding takes place.
- 4.** The dealer turns over another community card, called "the turn," followed by another round of betting.
- 5.** The remaining community card, "the river," is dealt. Players use any five-card combination of pocket cards and community cards to formulate their best hand. Final betting takes place, and the player with the best hand wins.

When a player calls "all in," he's betting all his chips.



Taking a Leap of Faith

Has your boss berated you in the last week? How about in the last 15 minutes? Have you lost any appendages in a work-related accident? Perhaps it just feels that way. In other words, does your job and your life suck? Are you ready to chuck it all and walk?

What aroused these happy thoughts is a book that landed on my desk recently. It's called *Crap Jobs: 100 Tales of Workplace Hell* (Harper Paperbacks). If you think you've got it bad, consider what it would be like to wake up in the morning knowing your daily contribution to

the global economy will be inspecting tampons, or sweeping up pig guts in a slaughterhouse—two of the jobs featured in this cheerful compendium.

In an effort to turn lemons into lemonade, or liquid pig mixture (feet, lips, skin, etc.) into canned ham, the book got me wondering whether bad jobs—which we've all suffered through at one time or another—might actually hold lessons that we can apply to our future careers.

So I placed a call to Dan Kieran, the esteemed author of *Crap Jobs*, who lives in London and got the idea for his book from a bunch

of bullshit jobs he held after dropping out of college: bank clerk, box stacker, hay baler, pallet maker, and, finally, weed sprayer.

Carrying around a 35-liter tank of poison on his back and being exposed daily to lethal carcinogens were the least of Kieran's problems while doing battle with roadside weeds. It was the lack of respect that killed him. "Four-year-old children ran up shouting 'Ghostbuster!'," laughing in my face and calling me twat, dickhead, etc.," he wrote in his brief but instructive manual.

Kieran, who's now deputy editor of *The Idler*, a British

start rolling in. "You have to be prepared to take a risk," Kieran said. "Everybody I know who does things that they want to do has, at some point, made the tough decision and said, 'I'm going to turn down the regular paycheck.'"

That's what happened to Kieran and his coworkers at *The Idler* when Tom Hodgkinson, their editor-in-chief, suggested they punt the marketing work that was paying the bills. "He said we should spend all our time on the work that doesn't make us any money," Kieran recalled. "It sounds completely insane, but three years down the line

"Reading *Crap Jobs* got me wondering whether bad jobs—which we've all suffered through at one time or another—might actually hold lessons that we can apply to our future careers."



publication and Website devoted to loafing, admitted that baling hay and stacking boxes gave him time to think. What he thought about is that one must find a way to work for oneself. It wasn't what I was expecting when I called him, but Kieran launched into a not-so-gentle tirade against the donkey-and-carrot lifestyle so many of us lead.


"The problem with jobs," Kieran said, "is you spend all these hours doing what you hate. And you've got this wonderful consumer society trying to entice you with all these things you can buy to compensate you for doing something you hate."

According to the author, it takes two things to strike out on your own: balls and a willingness to downsize your lifestyle until the bucks

we're all doing books and our own projects."

Marching to your own drummer is easier to do if you're not addicted to the things money can buy or carrying around the ball and chain of credit-card debt.

The beauty of working in the mail room is that you have the freedom to walk. "When you have this high-maintenance lifestyle you've created around your work—that's when it's hard to quit," Kieran said.

Ultimately, the most important ingredient it takes to become your own boss and succeed is faith—not faith in God or in Powerball, but in yourself. "When you take that leap of faith, the safety net will appear," Kieran promised. "But you've got to be prepared to jump." 



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Student was searching for divine inspiration. Student walked high on the mountain of knowledge and came across God. Student asked God how to live life as a college kid. And God said unto him, Follow these ten commandments, and you shall be all that a college kid is. And Student thanked God, and it was good. And Student spread the Ten Commandments of College to all.

THOU SHALT NAP

And God gave unto Student a great gift, the gift of napping. God said unto him, You shall spend half your day napping. You shall nap in class, in your room, and in your friend's room. And God said, If you don't nap, you won't be able to stay up all night drinking. And Student said, Nap I shall. And it was good.

THOU SHALT GET SICK ALL THE TIME

Now God said unto Student, You must be sick all of the time. And Student asked, Why? And God said unto him, You shall share drinks, stay up too late, drink too much, and make out with people you don't know. Therefore, God said, You shall be sick all year round. But God said, Blessed are the sick, for they have partied the hardest. And it was good.

THOU SHALT WRITE WITTY AWAY MESSAGES

Student asked, But God, how will I show everyone that I am funny? And God said unto him, Thou shall write witty away messages. God said unto Student, You shall never just say you are in the shower, you shall say you are getting wet and wild ... in the shower. You shall never say you are in class. You shall say you are sleeping ... in class. God said, If you do not write witty away messages, I shall smite you. Blessed are the funny, for they will get many girls to be their friends, but never hook up with them. And it was good.

THOU SHALT WEAR A HOODIE

And then Student asked God, How do I look like a college kid? And God said unto Student, You must wear a hoodie, for it is a useful garment. And you shall never wash it, either. Student asked God, What kind of hoodie should it be? And God said, You shall own one with your school's logo on it, and you shall own many others of varying colors and creeds. And Student was pleased and God was pleased, and it was good.

THOU SHALT SHIT A LOT

And Student asked of his bathroom habit and God told him, Student, you shall eat in the cafeteria and you shall shit a lot. And it will not be good shit. It will be the shit of the Devil, for your ass shall burn for hours. Your school shall put laxatives in its food and you shall feel its pain. And Student began to weep, and God said unto him, Student, fear not the shit, for all your fellow students will be experiencing the same. And Student dried his eyes and thanked God. And God told him to use wet naps to ease the pain. And it was good.

THOU SHALT EAT EASY MAC

Student asked God if there were any alternatives to the cafeteria, and God said unto him, You shall eat a lot of Easy Mac. It is easy to make, and you don't need milk or a stove. And Student said microwaves were forbidden by the R.A. And God said unto him, You shall hide the microwave under your bed with a towel on top. And Student asked, What if it is discovered? And God told him to stop being such a pussy. And it was good.

THOU SHALT HOOK UP

Student then asked of sex. And God said, Student, you shall hook up and be happy. You shall go home with random people every weekend and forget about them the next day. You shall see them at class and be awkward amongst their company. You shall exchange saliva at bars and parties, and it will be good. And Student became gleeful, but God told Student to wrap it up because He knows where she has been, but Student does not. And it was good.

THOU SHALT JOIN A CLUB AND NEVER GO TO MEETINGS

Student inquired of his spare time, and God reminded him that he should be napping. But Student said he wanted to do other things. So God said unto him, You shall join a club at the beginning of the semester, but then never go to meetings. And Student asked why he should not go to meetings, and God told him, Because the glee club is gay. And Student understood His wisdom, and it was good.

THOU SHALT WAKE UP CONFUSED

God said to Student, There will come many a day when you shall wake up in the bed of another and not know where you are. You will not remember what you did last night, and you shall be confused. You will see that you have nipple rings and a tattoo now, and you are covered in Sharpie. And Student was disturbed by this, but God said, You shall tell great stories about it to your friends someday. Student understood, and God took a sip of a beer, and it was good.

THOU SHALT GAIN WEIGHT

And Student wished to hear the final commandment, and God said he would not like it. But Student insisted, so God said unto him, Thou shall gain weight. However, God said, you will not buy new clothes, so you will wear sweatpants a lot. God said, Student, you will watch a lot of TV and become fat. And Student wept profusely. But God comforted Student, saying, You will still get ass, even if you cannot tie your shoes anymore. Student felt better, and God pointed to Student's chest, saying, Those will soon be bitch tits. And it was good.



Lady in **RED**

"I'm passionate about fashion," declares 21-year-old design student Evelyn Lory. "I never leave the house without the perfect outfit on, because you never know who you'll meet." The auburn-haired stunner laughs and adds, "In fact, I met my last boyfriend at the post office. He kept staring at me in my sundress, but I couldn't take my eyes off his package."

Photographs by Viv Thomas



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"When there's a hot guy I want to impress, I put on a clingy red dress," Evelyn continues. "Nothing makes me feel sexier, and he'll definitely notice me—and all my curves."





"I always wear expensive panties, usually silk or satin, and I love the way they feel rubbing against me. But sometimes sheer mesh is nice, 'cause when I get wet, I can enjoy the cool breeze."



"Shoes are the most important part of any outfit," Evelyn decrees. "I keep them on even when everything else comes off ... for leverage during sex, and so I can be naked in style."





TRADING PUNCH LINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST

Y

ou went to Columbia undergrad, Harvard Law School—and then ditched it all to do stand-up. What did your parents think?

They were thrilled. They encouraged it. It'd been their lifelong dream. All along, they wanted a son who would stand on a milk crate in a sports bar, entertaining drunks.

How did you fit in at Harvard?

I wasn't part of that world, really. I lived off-campus. I went to law classes, but I wasn't a Harvard person per se. Although I do say things like "per se."

You wrestled Paul Reiser on an early episode of Comedy Central's *Friday Night With Greg Giraldo*. Did you take him down?

It started, and then he didn't fight back much. It just didn't feel fair.

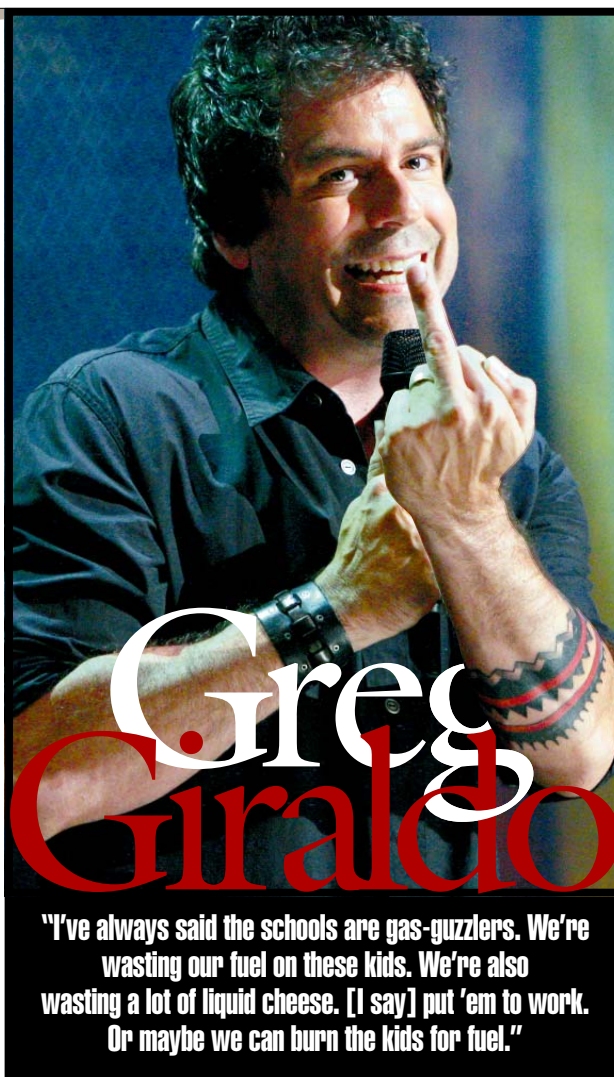
He's in your weight class, though.

More or less, yeah. Sadly. **I notice you didn't schedule Patrice O'Neal.**

Yeah, I'm not an idiot. You don't make it to have your own fake show, and then wrestle a monster the first week out.

Name a comic we'd be surprised to hear you like.

When I was starting out, a guy like Brian Regan—believe it or not—who's squeaky clean. I'd never



seen him before, but I'd never seen anything funnier live. He was just the funniest guy on the planet.

You recently toured with Dave Attell and Dane Cook. Any good stories?

I was sort of changing my lifestyle, so to speak—he says, with finger quotes: changing my "lifestyle." I actually rented motorcycles with a friend of mine, and we rode between some of the gigs out on the West Coast. It was cool, but it was a lot more *wholesome*, you know what I mean? Hanging with Attell in Vegas is not the most wholesome approach to life.

You played Guantánamo Bay a few years back as

part of a USO tour.

Describe that experience.

It was hot. It was humid. And it got exhausting because we just kept driving back and forth, as close as we could get to the prisoners, singing "Hava Nagila" over a bullhorn.

[Laughs] Did they let you visit Cuba proper at all?

No. Well, that's the whole reason we went down there in the first place. I mean, I'm all for being patriotic, but I was mainly going because I thought I'd be able to get laid for a bar of soap. It turned out that we were miles and miles away. Guantánamo Bay is all the way on the southernmost tip. And they moved all the whores.

They kept you separated.

Yeah, they did. You know what was pretty wild? I think things with Cuba are pretty stable right now. We got them kind of right where we want them.

Waiting for Castro to ...

Yeah. I think Cuba is not as much of a threat to us as it might have been in the past. But they still have the fence-line set up, and they still have observation posts on either side. So you look across and you see these Cuban dudes just sitting in their towers. If you stay in those towers enough hours a day, you start thinking you still are in some crazy war. But it's like, "Dude, you're in a vacation place." It's like going to the Caribbean.

Not the Bay of Pigs or the Cuban Missile Crisis.

No. But apparently, not that long ago, they would harass each other, back-and-forth, across the fences. There were these tin-roofed barracks that the Americans had, and the Cubans would throw hangers all night long, wire hangers, over the fence so they would rattle down on top of the tin roofs. That would be wild if a nuclear Armageddon started with some drunk prank.

Speaking of laughable scenarios, in your act, you've noted that Georgia Governor Sonny Perdue had suggested closing schools as a way to save fuel. Then he actually did it for two days last year.

Why not? I've always said the schools are gas-guzzlers. We're wasting our fuel on these kids. We're also wasting a lot of liquid cheese. We gotta close down the schools and let the kids just roam freely. And instead of focusing on learning to read and write, they can focus on coming up with a renewable energy resource. Put 'em to work. Or maybe we can burn the kids for fuel.



Steffanie Seaver, noted researcher and columnist, focuses on health and sexuality issues affecting today's men and women.

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Q: Dear Steffanie,

For the past year, I've been having some confidence issues. It's really dragging me and my relationship with my wife down. I wanted to try some pills I heard about but I found out they can take 3 or more months to work. In your judgment, does anything work faster or better?

Jason M.
Manhattan Beach, CA

A: Well Jason,

The verdict is in and I just happen to have the perfect answer to boost you, and your confidence, while giving your wife the time of her life...repeatedly!

For months my fiancé was feeling the exact same way you were and then, one night, we had the most phenomenal sex, EVER. I had never seen him more excited and powerful. He took control right from the

start and the feelings we shared together were totally mind-blowing. And, here's the best part, every time since that night, he just keeps getting better and better. It's amazing! I can't get enough of him now!

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PENT0506

Article by
Ronnie Koenig

W A ren't here the boys

Think same-sex colleges are purely aristocratic, academic institutions? Then welcome to the real world of higher learning, where at night the panties come off as soon as the lights go down. Come on in....

Illustrations
by Tomer Hanuka

In the Campus Center, girls dressed in the flimsiest scraps of satin and lace gather to drink and dance. It's the annual "Bra Dance," a time when oh-so-studious girls cut loose, grinding and gyrating in bacchanalian abandon. To your left, there's a pair of C-cups spilling out of a virginal white demi. To your right, a pair of Pamela Anderson-size tits are barely contained by two tiny sequined triangles. Straight ahead, a perky set of nipples are covered by ... nothing at all. *Hello!* they seem to say. *We've been inside for a while now, but tonight we're busting out!*

No, this isn't a keg party or a wild spring-break activity. It's an annual event at Bryn Mawr, one of the world's most prestigious women's colleges—which makes it all the more naughty.

"I always wore lingerie—a sexy baby-doll cami or a nightie," Charlotte, a pretty and preppy Bryn Mawr graduate tells me. "Straight girls like me dancing with their lesbian friends, enjoying the innuendo and freedom. I was always excited and felt like it was a little naughty, but I liked that. It was empowering and a nice way to let loose, since Bryn Mawr is one of the most academically rigorous schools out there."





While guys aren't granted admission to schools like Bryn Mawr, a lucky few make it into the Bra Dance, as long as they're accompanied by a Bryn Mawr student. At most colleges, this male-to-female ratio would practically guarantee a young, horny guy some action. But here, guys have some unexpected competition: sexy lesbians who entice even the straightest girls over to their side.

"There was definitely a sexual energy, since there were women there who would hook up on the dance floor. And I felt it, too, since I was dancing around in skimpy clothes and dancing with other

year-old Barnard student with bobbed jet-black hair and a slim figure.

In fact, the desire to experiment with women is almost a prerequisite for taking full advantage of the social scene at these schools.

"Most straight girls leave campus on the weekends," says blonde and demure Hailey about Bryn Mawr. "The BUGs (bisexual until graduation) and LUGs (lesbians until graduation), as well as the real lesbians, had a better time, I think."

Sue, a sexy Mount Holyoke student with dark-brown hair, agrees. "My group

"I do know some straight girls who would never label themselves bi or lesbian who have hooked up with other girls while drunk, or just as a one-time thing," says Nadia. "In those cases, it's usually within a circle of friends. A bunch of my friends practiced their kissing skills by kissing each other one night. Such a guy's fantasy!"

Women aren't just fooling around with other girls for their own pleasure. Smart girls know that the quickest way to get a guy's attention is to ignore him and flirt with another girl. On the whole, college girls are a lot more comfortable kissing

"One girl had an orgy with three guys while someone and their girlfriend watched. She only had intercourse with one of them, but there was plenty going on with the others."



women," Charlotte says.

From a distance, elite all-women's colleges look like stuffy academic environments, where staid overachievers live and learn in ladylike perfection.

But behind the regal gates of these institutions exists a world full of sex, drugs, and empowerment—not to mention hot girl-on-girl action. Normally, your dick disqualifies you for admission, but consider this your free pass inside girls' schools: No peeping or panty raids will be required.

While other 18-year-olds set off to experience the typical movie-version of college life, the women who go to schools like Barnard, Mount Holyoke, and Bryn Mawr are in for something entirely different. Single-sex dorms, classes, and clubs are the norm. Think of it as living in one big sorority—or for some, nunnery—for four years.

Although college is a time of sexual exploration for many young men and women, the sheer amount of estrogen on women's college campuses no doubt enhances a "when in Rome" attitude.

"A bunch of straight girls like me have dated other girls at some point, partly because there were so many awesome, interesting girls around—and because the environment was so open about lesbian relationships," says Nadia, a 21-

of friends and I would drink in one of the dorm rooms, then go to a party," she says. "By then, we'd all be tipsy. We would be hugging, hanging on to each other.... It went from kissing on cheeks to mouth to open-mouth kissing."

In schools where men are scarce, girls see their friends in a new light. "I remember one night I was sitting on the steps of the Campus Center with my best friend," Charlotte says. "We had been drinking. We were talking about how neither of us had kissed a girl, and we were curious. So we decided to just do it."

Although Sue is a self-proclaimed heterosexual, things went further than kissing with her female friends more than once. "One night [my friend] Lily and I were hanging out with Billy, this guy I was dating," Sue says. "Lily had hooked up with him the year before.

"That night we were going to go out," she continues. "We took showers, but to hurry the process, Lily and I took one together. She started washing me and I was kinda shocked. Then Billy came in and saw us. From there, Lily and I were mostly busy with each other. I was comfortable with it because Billy was there."

That's where the guys really luck out: Most of these girls are open to girl-on-girl action, but they still hook up with the opposite sex.

each other "just for fun." They also enjoy dancing together in a sexually provocative manner, and even fooling around in public for attention. Charlotte tells me that one night at Bryn Mawr, she and a female friend were hanging out with a male friend from Haverford College. To tease him, they started making out.

Attempting to attract male attention is the norm for most young women, but for girls sequestered in an all-female environment, the mission takes on a special air of importance—horniness mixed with not just a little bit of desperation. "At on-campus parties, the younger women seemed a bit starstruck by the mere presence of men," says petite and round-faced Emma from Wellesley.

These guys have all the luck. When they're bored with the pickings at their own schools, they can head over to girls' schools and find plenty of sex-starved females who are ecstatic to see them.

"I think a lot of boys at Columbia know the odds are for them in terms of getting a girlfriend or sex," says Nadia. "When the populations of Barnard and Columbia undergrad are combined, there are many more females than males, and the guys know this. If they feel 'in demand,' then they're even less likely to stick with one girl or try very hard to impress one specific girl."

Ironically, this situation has caused students at all-female institutions to be viewed as sex kittens instead of independent and intelligent individuals.

"Some Columbia guys still have a negative view of Barnard women," Nadia continues. "They see Columbia girls as intellectual counterparts and Barnard girls as sex objects.... Most Columbia guys are smart, but many are conceited about that. Compared to other colleges, we don't have that great an arts/music scene and are not very good in sports. So a lot of the guys are either intellectually nerdy or intellectual snobs—all the while thinking they can get any girl they want!"

With graduates that include Hillary Rodham Clinton, Diane Sawyer, and Madeleine Albright, women's colleges cultivate some of the world's best political leaders, engineers, and artists. The single-sex school is intended as a safe environment where female voices can be heard and valued.

Still, there's no escaping the image of the naughty schoolgirl. Men imagine them sitting around braiding one another's hair, engaging in pillow fights, and making out in an X-rated, all-female production of *Hamlet*.

Men also are fascinated by prim, pearl-wearing girls who may actually, secretly, be sluts. They love the idea of bringing out the whore inside the virgin—that's why the naughty-schoolgirl fantasy is so titillating. Are female students there really okay with the absence of men? Or are they just cock-hungry vixens waiting to be defiled?

"One girl I knew had an orgy with three guys while someone and their girlfriend watched," says a blushing Hailey. "She only had intercourse with one of them, but there was plenty going on with the others."

Without a coed social environment, one of two things can happen: Women either go through four years as asexual amoebas, or they become promiscuous to satisfy their urges.

"I had a lot of one-night stands in college, where I would meet a guy at a dance or party, hook up with him, and never see him again," says Charlotte. "I'm not proud of that, and it's not something I'd ever do now. Had I been at a coed school, I imagine there would have been more opportunities for a stable relationship."

The upside is that many women who attend all-female colleges end up being more open-minded about gender and sexuality. Sphinx, an attractive lesbian from Mount Holyoke, says the openness about sexuality—particularly toward same-sex endeavors—was a plus. "Women sat around in the dorm halls or common areas and discussed sex and

sexuality, how to use vibrators, the best sexual positions.... Friends at coed colleges probably thought my social life was boring. But they certainly liked to visit Mount Holyoke—especially my straight male friends!"

When the straight girls *do* find boyfriends, you can bet they're pretty uninhibited. "I'd have anal sex with my boyfriend in the handicapped showers," reveals man-loving Nadia. "One shower in each bathroom was extra large to accommodate people with disabilities, and a lot of people would have sex in those showers. Keeping quiet in a public bathroom was the hard part. Sometimes we'd 'sexile' my roommate, [or I'd] have sex with my boyfriend while my roommate was in the room, after she fell asleep. [We also had sex] on her bed when she wasn't there. Wow, I was a bad roommate!" she laughs.

These chicks think nothing of breaking school rules, getting their sexual satisfaction from multiple partners, even letting other people watch them in action. This proves they are just as wild, if not wilder, than their counterparts at coed universities. And sex isn't the only thing on their agenda.


Many parents believe that by sending their daughters to an all-female ivory tower for their education, they are protecting their little princesses from the drugs, alcohol, and sex that's rampant on coed campuses.

But the clean-cut reputation of these women's colleges hides the fact that the social scene on campus can be just as cutthroat as the academic one. "Wellesley women do like to party on weekends, that's for sure," smirks Emma. "But they kick your ass in the classroom during the week."

These girls aren't naughty in the obvious ways. You probably won't find them whipping up their tops in Cancún on spring break, or doing keg stands at a frat party. That's precisely why their bad behavior is so fascinating: It's unexpected.

Women's college students are a paradox: studious and slutty, smart yet desperate. They are like the Catholic schoolgirls you knew growing up who were supposed to be the good ones, but who actually taught you how to smoke and give head.

As long as women's colleges exist, you can bet these schoolgirls will be up to something naughty.

Over at Mount Holyoke, Sphinx and her girlfriends broke out the fine china and put on some mellow tunes in her dormitory. As tea was served, the ladies one by one removed their shirts and brassieres, adding an erotic charge to the afternoon's activities. Now *that's* sexier than a kegger any day. 

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ULTIMATE BETRAYAL?

As Congress has learned the hard way, it doesn't cost much in terms of money to get *into* a war, but the expenses down the road can be real budget-busters.

The federal budget, already under severe strain from the costs of staying in Iraq, will soon undergo another crunch: the bill for all the veterans when they come home. Those costs, which hardly ever attract public attention, are quickly soaring into the stratosphere.

At the moment, the Department of Veterans Affairs budget is about \$68 billion, but it's not enough to handle demands on the system. More than a million military veterans have been added to the VA rolls since 2001, which means there are now 25 million veterans eligible for benefits. Add to that the assistance for National Guard and Reserve personnel called up for active duty, the soaring medical costs for some 3.6 million aging World War II veterans, and the sudden demand for educational benefits to newly discharged veterans, and \$68 billion doesn't look like much.

As with most other government budgets these days, the real killer is medical costs. The VA finds itself nearly \$4 billion short in its medical care accounts. With the influx of new veterans, that deficit will soon necessitate a big infusion of cash. The White House has proposed adding \$100 million to the VA's



medical budget, along with implementing some cost-cutting measures that haven't gone over well with veterans groups. One would require a \$250 enrollment fee for each veteran seeking prescription drug benefits, along with a doubling of the co-payment on drugs. But veterans groups, especially the Disabled American Veterans organization, call such measures a "betrayal" of millions of servicemen and -women, whose enlistments hinged on a contract with the government that guaranteed certain benefits—mainly, health care for those who suffer service-related disabilities.

Whatever the merits of that argument, the fact remains that paying the health costs, educational assistance, housing aid, pensions, and assorted other benefits the government has pledged will

require many more billions than the funds currently allocated. But nobody seems to know where that money will come from in a time of budgets squeezed by war and natural disasters.


RAPTOR IN DANGER

Meanwhile, all the talk about budget constraints is causing serious anxiety in the Air Force, since it threatens the service's technological icon, a wonder known as the F-22 Raptor.

The Raptor was first conceived in 1981 as the ticket to Air Force domination of the skies, especially against the then-formidable Soviet Air Force. The jet is an unquestionably awesome weapons system. Among other things, it can detect and destroy enemy planes at long range, electronically defeat ground defenses, and out-fly anything in the sky. As the centerpiece of

the Air Force budget, the Raptor now represents a \$72 billion appropriation for 278 planes. That's a whopping \$258 million per plane—the most expensive aircraft in history. But as the Government Accountability Office recently discovered, the plane will actually cost more: more than \$8 billion to make it a first-class ground-attack aircraft, capable of taking out any target in any weather from any altitude. That brings the cost of each plane to about \$300 million.

To the Air Force's distress, the Raptor is drawing increasing fiscal scrutiny. Both the Army and the Navy are confiding to military congressional committee staff that the Raptor was developed for a threat that no longer exists. The other branches also argue that ongoing upgrades to the F-16 and F-18 fighters will maintain U.S. dominance of the skies for decades to come. They note that the F-35 Joint Strike Fighter, a new fighter-bomber designed for all the services, has many of the Raptor's capabilities and costs only about \$80 million a copy.

Despite the Air Force's best efforts, the Raptor appears to be in trouble. Almost certainly, the program will be cut in some way, perhaps drastically. As one congressional staff member noted recently during a session on the Air Force budget, the cost of just one Raptor would fund a large new VA hospital. 

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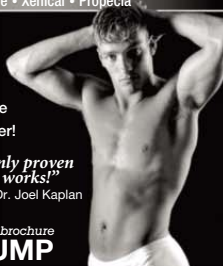
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FLY ME TO THE POON

Jessica's Jet Set
(Hustler Video) **i.i.i**

This is a hot and raunchy explosion of a sex show that finds its star, Jessica Jaymes, going around the world in more ways than one. She's a dark, lovely fuck-stress with some funky hair extensions and a great figure who puts it all to work in one of the most relentless, balls-out fuck-flicks to come our way in a while. If you can last more than three minutes into her first scene, you're a better man than I am. Lucky for you, the viewer, Jaymes performs in a total of three scenes here, later giving it up to Samantha Ryan in a tasty lesbo outing, as well as another French-themed boy-girler. Two lucky studs get to fly the friendly thighs of Sandra Romain, who services them as equal parts fuck-monkey and sexual tigress. The sets and lighting in *Jet Set* are fine, too. Combined with the top-notch banging, they help make this quite a disc. As far as extras go, you get behind-the-scenes footage, a slideshow, and trailers for other films. The menu is broken down by both scene and choice of your favorite starlet, so you can go straight to your preferred position.

AMERICA'S NEXT TOP MODELS

Models Wanted
(Anarchy Films) **i.i.i**

The perception of models as sexual pawns goes back to the beginning of the profession, so it's not surprising that we see so many model-themed pornos these days. This entry into the model-as-fuck-toy market offers the vague plot advancement we've come to expect from one-day-wonder porn, with plenty of steamy sex to set it apart. In *Models Wanted*, we were especially impressed with Jasmine, a Bangladeshi beauty whose dark skin and broad face are all too rare in Western smut. She demonstrates very arousing oral skills, really making an effort to go down on an especially long cock—and she looks damn sexy doing it. Elsewhere, blonde and lovely Alisha Daniels uses her natural curves to good effect, and Chiquita Lopez adds another bit of variety to the otherwise standard cast. Keep your attention on the action, not the acting, and you'll be in fine shape.



HO IS WHERE THE HEART IS

Street Walkers #3
(Python Pictures) **i.i.i**

Director John West takes it to the street in a big way, exposing the gritty lives of urban working girls. Of course, the gals aren't real streetwalkers—they're porn gals with various levels of experience. Ashley Gracie, a pretty sandy blonde and the best-looking gal here, does indeed suck cock like a ho. The rest of her sex scene is good, too, full of hot dirty talk and a lot of enthusiasm. Established porn chicklet Trina Michaels also shows her mettle, giving it up in missionary, doggie-style, and reverse-cowgirl positions. There's a rare outing with redhead Bailey O'Dare, a real doll whose hard-core coupling includes some rough, deep fucking and sucking.

The gonzo-based faux reality of picking the girls up on the street before the sex scenes gives *Street Walkers #3* a vague documentary feeling, like something on cable. But this is blown when the actresses break down the fourth wall. Although you don't get any bonuses on this disc, there is an additional scene in which Isabella Stanza has an apparently off-hours tumble with her stud's roommate. **O+**

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When That Last Final's Over

I'll never forget my college graduation. I was chosen to give a speech at the ceremony, and it was one of the greatest moments of my life. My speech was about the crucial role Doritos had played in my college experience. As I stepped down from the podium, I caught a glimpse of my parents in the crowd. I saw the smile on my mom's face and the tears in my dad's eyes. That's when I knew it was all over—they would never, ever give me money again.

Of course these days, college graduation is merely the anticlimactic epilogue to the weeklong debauchery that precedes it. Once finals are over (and, let's face it, by that point you're just mailing

year until a 1,000-student protest rally overturned the policy. But when that last final is over and Senior Week begins, all of a sudden the administration becomes your cool older brother, lending you the keys to his Camaro and buying a 24-pack of Keystone for you. The school is like, "We know we've been hardasses these past few years, and we feel kinda bad about it. So you know what? You guys just go out there and get obliterated ... on the house!"

Let's say you survive Senior (Hypocrisy) Week intact. Now it's time for graduation, another strange experience. Everyone marches into the football stadium while furiously dialing their cell phones, whose circuits have

ate their hangovers away, and returned in time for the zoology majors.


Graduation was a joyous time. It was also a chilly time. Probably because it was a brisk May morning and I was standing at the podium talking about Doritos while wearing shorts and Nikes under my robe. Not the approved dress code, I know, but I had the microphone and was graduating in 15 minutes—so what were they gonna do?

Since I managed to abscond with that bachelor's degree, I figure I'm qualified to answer your questions. If you have a question you'd like me to read, ignore, then move on to a topic of my own choosing, make sure to e-mail it over to karo@penthouse.com.

Dear Karo:

Do I take a free family trip this summer or a cross-country "last hurrah" with the guys?

Post-graduation trips are always ... a trip. I love how we convince ourselves that the payoff for four years of unrepentant partying should be another two weeks of unrepentant partying with the same people you have been unrepentantly partying with this whole time.

And did you even know that "unrepentantly" is a word? I didn't think it was, but the little red squiggly line in Microsoft Word didn't come up, so I'll assume it's valid. Man, this college degree is starting to pay off. 

"Senior Week begins and all of a sudden the administration becomes your cool older brother, lending you the keys to his Camaro and buying a 24-pack of Keystone for you."

it in anyway), soon-to-be-graduates are privy to one of the most cherished college traditions: Senior Week.

My Senior Week was a fucking shit-show. It featured an 18-bar pub crawl (I was "removed" from the festivities around bar 16), as well as a formal event (with an open bar), all sponsored by the school. Which is why I believe that Senior Week should be renamed Hypocrisy Week.

Think about it: For four years the university goes out of its way to prevent you from getting inebriated. IDs are checked, bags are searched, bars are raided, and parties are shut down. My campus even went dry for about six weeks during my sophomore

been overloaded by 10,000 simultaneous calls within a 100-yard area. When you finally do get your mother on the phone, your conversation will probably sound like this: "Hey, Mom! I'm wearing a black robe and I'm sitting next to a flag. Do you see me?" I don't know how she does it, but your mother will always find you in the sea of black robes sitting next to flags. I guess that's why she's Mom.

The ceremony itself is pretty boring. Graduation is long. Really ... fucking ... long. Two of my biology-majoring frat buddies, knowing that the last of their classmates were going to be at least 45 minutes behind them, actually left the stadium, went to McDonald's,



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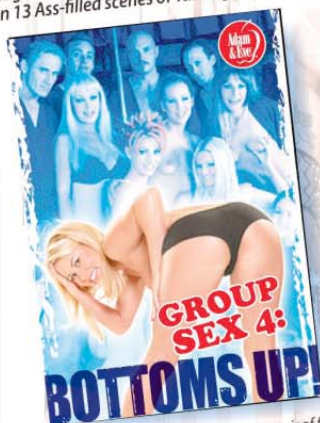
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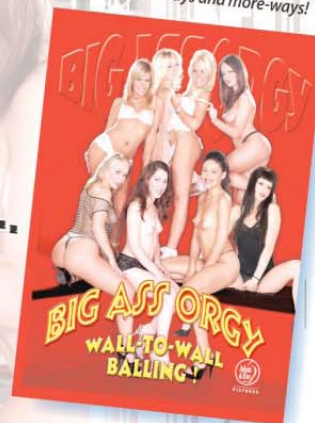


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HEAD GEEK

Sin Cinema

NEW COLUMN!



Ain't It Cool News' **grandmaster of movie geekiness** gets inside the best upcoming indie flicks.

» Harry here. Gleeful vintage fetishism! Underage Internet revenge! Hot art-school models! This month, we have all that and more. For my first *Penthouse* column, I go under the radar of your local megaplex to find the most interesting flicks so far this year

The Notorious Bettie Page

April 14

The Notorious Bettie Page is perfect for *Penthouse* readers. When the movie premiered at the Toronto International Film Festival last year, it was met with a tepid-to-mixed reaction. My impression was anything *but* tepid. Director Mary Harron (*American Psycho*) has created a nostalgic, funny, and heartfelt look at the birth of modern photographic erotica—all through the pics and flicks of pinup icon Bettie Page.

Gretchen Mol (*The Thirteenth Floor*, *Sweet and Low-down*) is the titular (no pun intended) character—the world's most famous pinup of her time. Mol is completely invisible in the part, leaving only Page on-screen. This isn't like any erotic film you've seen before!

Don't go expecting sex scenes and modern perversity, though. This is about a more innocent (and some would argue better) time, and Harron's film successfully captures one of the great icons of modern femininity. It's a bold film that's way more than just black-and-white T&A.





Art School Confidential

April 28

"Art school for me was like Vietnam for Oliver Stone," says Daniel Clowes. Directed by Terry Zwigoff and adapted by Clowes from his brilliant comic story of the same name, *Art School Confidential* is the greatest treat I've discovered so far this year.

Relative newcomer Max Minghella (*Syriana*) plays Jerome, a kid who has been picked on his entire life for being an artist.

When his dream of beautiful, nude female models is replaced by the reality of sketching flaccid, middle-aged men, Jerome is desperate for direction. The brilliant but burned-out artist Jimmy (Jim Broadbent) offers him this advice: "You really need to take some lessons in cocksucking and ass-licking!"

Before Jerome wishes death on the artistic community, he meets his muse—dream model Audrey (Sophia Myles). Will the cynical artist be saved by beauty? Or at least some tasteful nudity?

Clowes's next project is based on the true story of three kids who spent seven years in the 1980s filming a shot-for-shot re-creation of Steven Spielberg's *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, complete with a giant boulder, ghosts, beams of electricity, a submarine, and the entire truck sequence. The greatest creative concession was the substitution of a dog for the Nazi's monkey spy. Imagine a tiny white pup that *sieg heils*: That scene alone made Spielberg applaud when he saw it. In 2007, we will, too.

Top: Jerome (Max Minghella) and his muse, Audrey (Sophia Myles). **Bottom:** Hayley Stark (Ellen Page) interrogates probable pedophile Jeff Kohlver (Patrick Wilson).

Hard Candy

April 14 (limited)

Moving from the playful, wanton sexuality of *Bettie Page* to its antithesis, *Hard Candy* is about pedophilia and online stalking. The flick focuses on a photographer who haunts Internet chat rooms, attempting to lure young teens into his studio with the promise of a glamorous modeling career and the friendship of a sophisticated older man.

Sexual predators hunting children is scary stuff that we read about in newspapers too often. But this plot is not what it seems. Imagine *Little Red Riding Hood*—only Red isn't the victim. Instead, she uses her innocence to capture and torture the Big Bad Wolf.

Directed by David Slade, this is a taut, two-actor film. As the "wolf," Jeff Kohlver, we have 32-year-old Patrick Wilson (*The Phantom of the Opera*), and as "Red," we have 19-year-old Ellen Page portraying 14-year-old Hayley Stark.

Picture this: Kohlver is stretched out on a stainless-steel table, tied down, and little Hayley is hovering over him in hospital scrubs and plastic gloves—set to remove his testicles. Still interested in renewing your subscription to *Barely Legal*?

The most chilling thing about *Hard Candy* is that you almost start to care what happens to this molester—but not quite. It's an impressive first film from Slade, known prior only for his work on the Stone Temple Pilots' video for "Sour Girl." He is definitely a director to watch. This year Slade is scheduled to adapt the greatest horror comic of the last decade, *30 Days of Night*, about an Alaskan town in the dark months following the winter solstice. Oh, and the town has a slight vampire problem.

Sam Raimi optioned this adaptation a few years ago, but he finally found a suitable director and a good screenplay, written by Stuart Beattie (*Collateral*, *Pirates of the Caribbean*). If Slade's proficiency at tension and suspense in *Candy* is any indication, *30 Days of Night* will give us nightmares.



You can read Harry Knowles daily at AintItCool.com.

Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

NAUGHTY GIRLS

The house was empty and quiet when I got home. I'd spent the entire day helping a friend build a deck and figured Crystal was probably at the movies with the kids. When I walked into the kitchen, I found a note she'd left. The kids were at sleepovers. She was upstairs in the bedroom waiting for me with a surprise, but she wanted me to take a shower before joining her.

I showered in record time, all the while wondering what Crystal had

indeed waiting for me to join them.

When I reached the bedroom door, Crystal and Toni were lying naked across the bed watching a porno. I immediately took in their stunning asses as the blood rushed to my rising cock. "So, what are you two naughty girls up to tonight?" I asked, as I knelt on the bed between them.

"Toni and I are up for some fun tonight," Crystal said. Then they both smiled and rolled over onto their backs. "Can you help us out?" she asked.

My heart was racing and my cock throbbed as I admired their big, beautiful tits and especially their pretty pussies, which had been shaved smooth. It was the first time I had ever seen Crystal with her pussy shaved. I

"Crystal knelt on the floor between Toni's legs and buried her face in Toni's snatch. She quickly brought Toni to a screaming climax."



planned. Wrapping a towel around my waist, I started up the stairs. I heard Crystal's voice coming from the bedroom, then stopped when I heard her friend Toni's voice.

Crystal and I have been married for 12 years. Although Crystal has never been much for experimenting, we still have an exciting sex life. Only recently did she share her interest in having a threesome. She hadn't said whether she wanted it to be with another guy or a girl. As I continued to climb the stairs, I hoped and prayed that these two beautiful women in my bedroom were

couldn't wait to find out how it felt.

"Is this the kind of fun you two are looking for?" I asked, as I began kneading their plump little clits between my nimble fingers.

"Oh, yes! That's exactly what we're looking for, baby," Crystal moaned.

I told Crystal I wanted to see her kiss Toni. As they pressed their lips together, I pressed my fingers inside their juicy love holes. Things were really beginning to heat up. They were both humping against my hands. The intoxicating scent of their sex was overwhelming. Pulling Crystal to the edge of the bed, I knelt between her legs and started feasting on her juicy pussy with newfound excitement, the feel of her slick skin spurring me on. Within minutes, Crystal was crying out and spilling her tasty juice onto my tongue.

Then I moved between Toni's legs and began hungrily eating her out, hoping she would also reward me with her love juice. But Crystal had other ideas. Nudging me aside, she said, "Honey, I want to taste her, too. Save some for me!" With that, I relinquished my position to my wife. Crystal knelt on the floor between Toni's legs and buried her face in Toni's snatch. She quickly brought Toni to a screaming climax.

I'd been playing with my cock during all of this and was ready for action. I grabbed Toni's legs and lifted her ass from the bed, burying my cock deep inside her love hole. As I fucked her, Crystal squatted over Toni's face. I was drilling Toni while she eagerly sucked my wife's cunt. When Crystal came, she delivered her sweet juices onto Toni's tongue.

I turned Toni over and began fucking her doggie-style, thrusting my cock deep inside her until I could no longer

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hold back. As I spewed my hot come into her, she bathed my cock with her warm juices.

Needless to say, the three of us didn't get any sleep that night. Since then, we have been together many times, and each time has been as exciting and satisfying as the first.—*C. and C.J., Minnesota*

ULTIMATE SEX FANTASY

It was like any other Friday night. I was 19 and going out with my buddies. The plan was to have a few drinks and pick up girls. We ended up at a bar I had been to many times. Bebe was there with some friends. She was tall, beautiful, and a natural blonde (we grew up next door to each other, so I know). Bebe had five years on me, and I'd always considered her out of reach.

After having several rounds and dancing with a few girls, my friends and I decided to call it a night. When Bebe approached me, I figured she was look-

Then we three took a cab to Donna's place. My ultimate sex fantasy was coming true: I was about to sleep with two babes, one of whom I'd fantasized about since puberty.

We reached Donna's apartment, I paid the driver, and we entered. I ducked into the bathroom to take some deep breaths. When I came out, Bebe and Donna were waiting for me on the bed, wearing nothing but their smiles. I sat between them, and they proceeded to undress me. Forming a tag team, the girls gave me the best blowjob of my life. They were calling the shots ... and I loved every minute of it. Bebe straddled my face, placing her perfectly trimmed pussy over my lips. She tasted exquisite. Donna straddled my hips, sliding her dripping pussy down on my penis. Thank God I'd come during the blowjob, or I'd have come again within seconds of feeling that hot snatch grip my cock.

As Donna rode me like I was a bucking bronco, Bebe ground her muff into

every drop. She moaned as she did this, since she was coming in Bebe's mouth. As I stopped coming, Bebe started coming in my mouth. I did everything I could to make her throb harder. I loved the taste of her. Once again, the girls switched. I got to taste Donna again as she tasted Bebe for the first time. Bebe was an expert cocksucker, so it didn't take me long to explode in her mouth. Once we were all tired out, Bebe said it was time to go. We got in a cab and headed home.

The next day, I saw a moving van parked outside Bebe's house. I went over and asked her what was going on. She told me she was moving, but that she'd wanted to fuck me before she did. She said she had the best time with Donna and me, and she gave me her new address. "Look me up sometime," she said with a wink.

I never saw her again, but I'll never forget that night. It was the best sex I ever had.—*R.T., Nova Scotia*

GOING DOWN

My job requires a lot of business travel. On my last trip I asked my boyfriend, Andrew, to join me.

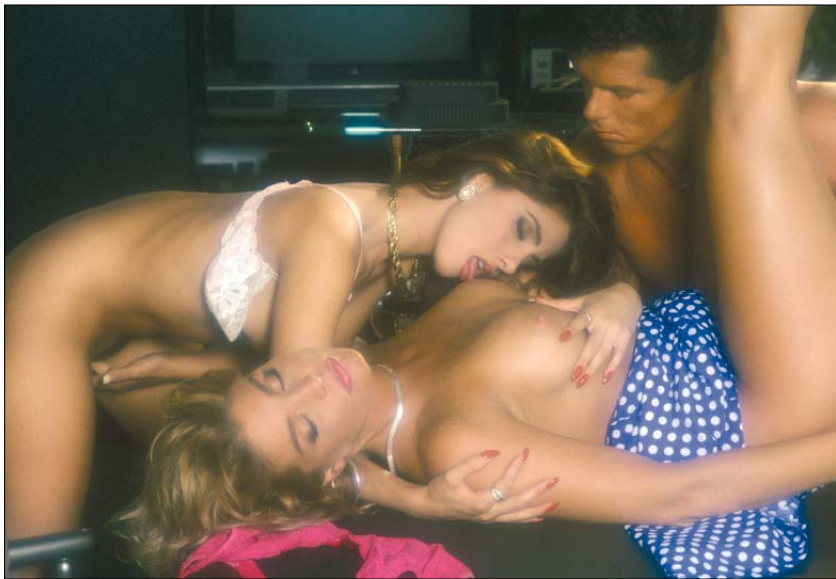
We started out a day ahead of my scheduled meeting, and along the way decided to stop for dinner and cock-tails. I'd heard a couple of my coworkers talking about a new strip club, and I told Andrew it might be fun to check it out. He was surprised, but agreed. As we drove up to the club, he suggested we stay for a show and dinner.

"Dinner and dessert will be served later," I said. The naughty look I gave him let him know exactly what I meant.

He handed the car keys to the valet. While Andrew went to pay the cover charge, two beautiful, negligee-clad women with tight bodies, large breasts, and ridiculously high heels approached me. With one hand on my shoulder and one on the small of my back, one of them asked, "So, do we get to play with you tonight?" I saw hunger in their eyes, and although their offer was tempting and made my clit tingle, it was my first time at a place like this, so I smiled politely and declined. Then Andrew and I found seats close to the stage.

Every place I looked, I saw gorgeous women. They moved to the music and wrapped their legs around poles as if caressing a cock. Watching their sensuous moves made me horny. Under cover of the tablecloth, I put my hand up the inside of Andrew's thigh. He was practically poking a hole through his pants. While we sipped our drinks I stroked his manhood, which led to my pussy becoming dripping wet. He wanted me to take him in the back room and give him a lap dance of my

"I loved the taste of her. Once again, the girls switched. I got to taste Donna again as she tasted Bebe for the first time."



ing for a ride home. I was so wrong. She asked me how I'd been and what I'd been up to. Then she dropped the bomb: "Have you ever slept with two women?"

"At the same time?" I asked.

"Of course, silly," she said.

When I told Bebe I hadn't been that lucky, she said my luck was about to change. Donna, a friend of hers, joined us. I got so excited, I thought I might come in my pants. I told my friends that I'd bumped into someone I hadn't seen in a while and that they should go on without me. I bought a round of drinks.

my face as my tongue burrowed into her sweet pussy. I found her clit and pressed her pleasure button. Suddenly, I felt Donna's juices flow down my balls as I shot my load into her, and I could taste Bebe as she came.

The girls switched places. We repeated this ritual for the rest of the night. Wanting to try something different, Bebe turned around and sat on my face. Then she leaned over and began eating Donna's pussy, lapping at it like she was starving for it. While Bebe ate her out, Donna deep-throated my cock.

When I climaxed, Donna swallowed

own, but I told him he'd have to wait. Then he pressed his fingers against my engorged clit and rubbed it.

After several girls had danced, he said I could easily compete with any of them. That was all I needed to hear—he was going to get the royal treatment once we reached our destination. Our hotel room would be the perfect place for me to give him that lap dance he deserved.

We headed out, this time with me behind the wheel. We were talking about our plans for the rest of the evening when Andrew turned on the interior light. Hard rock was playing on the radio when Andrew unzipped his jeans and began to masturbate. His cock was erect and shiny with pre-come. Watching him was sending me out of control. I was getting hotter and hotter. I had never seen a man masturbate before, and my pussy began to throb. I wanted to reach over and wrap my lips

around his engorged prick, but I had to keep my eyes on the road.

As he stroked himself, my hips moved up and down as if he were inside me. When he came, I reached orgasm myself. My nipples were hard and my panties were soaking wet. I grabbed his cock to catch some of his sweetness on my fingers, then eagerly licked them clean.

I asked him to lean toward me and bring his tongue to my ready clit, but he teasingly said, "That's for later."

Our drive came to an end after many smiles and a lot of laughter. The night

like never before. My legs buckled and I screamed, "Oh, my God!" at the top of my lungs. Shit, it felt so good.

Andrew looked up and smiled with

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"Watching him was sending me out of control. I was getting hotter and hotter. When he came, I reached orgasm myself."

was still young when we checked into our hotel. Andrew was playfully working the night clerk for a deal on the room. She finally gave in a bit on the price, and we laughed as she said, "We don't give rooms away here." After some fun banter back and forth, Andrew and I hopped in the elevator and rode up to our room. We were hot and horny from our sex-fueled ride.

We dropped our luggage and paused for a kiss. Our mouths melded in a passionate lip-lock that left me breathless. We decided to prolong our lust and head down to the hotel bar for some close-contact dancing.

As the elevator doors shut, we went down about half a floor, and the elevator stopped. It didn't take us long to figure out we were stuck. We pushed the HELP button, and a red light came on. The night clerk answered and said she'd send assistance. After a few minutes had passed, we realized we might be there a while. We were alone in the elevator, with mirrors on the walls and brass handles all around us. Andrew gave me one of those looks I love so much, and reached over to undo my pants. With a sexy deep tone he said, "Remember what you asked for in the car? Here it is."

I couldn't believe it—right there in the elevator! I leaned back to grab the bar as he got on his knees. His tongue touched my clit and I thought I would melt. He put his fingers inside my snatch and found my G spot while licking my clit and lips. Slowly, from the base of my pelvis, he would pull his tongue up and over my clit. I thought I was going to come within seconds, but I held off. I could see Andrew in the mirror. I arched back and moaned with ecstasy. Then he gently placed my clit between his teeth and flicked it with his tongue. Blood rushed to my head. With the pressure on my G spot and his tongue on my clit, he made me climax

my sweet juices on his face. He pulled down his pants and motioned for me to turn around. I held on to the bars with both hands, and he stuck his throbbing cock into my waiting pussy. I caught our reflection in the mirrors and felt another orgasm coming on. I watched him thrusting in and out of my pussy, and in less than a minute, I saw him arch his back to come himself. As he growled in ecstasy, I felt his dick surge inside me and pulse jism into me.

I didn't think I had anything left in me, but I came a third time as he exploded in my honeypot. He pulled out, and just as I bent down to lick him clean, the elevator jerked and started to move. We knew we'd better get dressed fast. As we finished buttoning our pants, Andrew realized the intercom light was still on. The night clerk had been able to listen to and enjoy our entire interlude.

We exited the elevator with little fanfare and big smiles, then strolled past the front desk on our way to the bar and waved to the clerk. She gave us a smile big enough to rival ours and waved back. I can't wait for my next business trip.—C.T., Montana

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WE HAVE A CRUSH ON ...

Cristina Scabbia

It's easy to understand why Milan-born singer **Cristina Scabbia** has been called the **sexiest woman in metal**. Lacuna Coil's frontwoman chills with headbangers, loves horror movies, and plays video games.

It's hot work

"Beauty is not just the cliché of being super-tall or blonde or curvy. You have to work on other things to be sexy and feel sexy."

Let's pretend

"I don't sleep in high heels. And when I wake up, I don't have perfect hair and makeup on."

Metallurgy

"With rock and metal, you can combine everything: real music, energy ... a strong image. I never found [that] in any other kind of music."

No pressure

"[The song 'Our Truth' is] about pride, and it's my way of saying, 'I don't fucking care what you think about me; I'm doing what I want.'"


She has limits

"My all-time favorite video games are [the first two] *Max Paynes* and *Final Fantasy VII*. I would love to be able to play *Halo* and *Doom*, but my eyes are just rolling after a while."

Footnote

"A couple of fans were writing me every day, saying they wanted to kiss and lick my feet. I was like, 'Okay, do you want me to sign an autograph with my feet?'"

We're still laughing

"One of my favorite movies is [Peter Jackson's] *Bad Taste*. I love the scene where the guy is eating the brain of the other guy who's still alive. When the sheep explodes, I think it's the funniest moment in the history of movies." 



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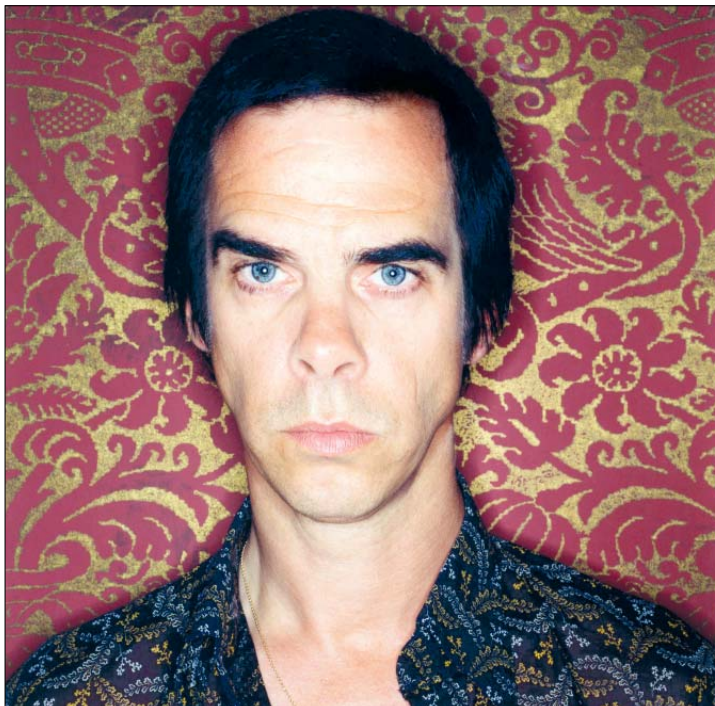
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Q&A



Nick Cave

>> This Aussie's music may be mostly dark and brooding, but when we sat down with him to discuss his film, *The Proposition*, Cave seemed almost giddy—chain-smoking as he talked about speedy screenwriting, flogging, and his next project: a “chick flick.”

What inspired you to write this film?

I'm a good friend [of] director John Hillcoat. He'd been talking about doing this Australian western for 18 years, and how I was going to do the music. Every year I'd ask him how his film was coming, and he'd roll his eyes. He couldn't get a script together. Eventually he asked me to do it out of desperation, I think.

Had he approached any screenwriters before you?

He commissioned one script. He was filming my band, and brought the book into the studio. I read it and said, “This isn't an Australian western. This is an American western dumped in Australia.” He agreed and said, “Well, why don't you write one?”

How did the writing go?

[*The Proposition*] took three weeks to write. My second [film] took two weeks. We didn't write treatments or synopses or anything like that. Each day [the story] unfolded more. It was really exciting.

“I couldn't understand why they said ‘cock-sucker’ so many times [in *Deadwood*]. It's, like, 100 times each episode.”

Was it different than writing an album?

It's easier to write a script. Especially with a genre movie like this. You take certain characters that are already written for you, from all the films you've seen—archetypical cowboy characters—make them Australian, and subvert them: Make them do things you don't expect these characters to do.

It felt like a realistic western. Did you watch *Deadwood* before you wrote it?

I watched *Deadwood* after. I couldn't understand why they said “cock-sucker” so many times. It's, like, 100 times each episode.

When *The Proposition* began, I sided with the law. But as the film progressed, I started sympathizing with the criminals. Was I supposed to?

I would hope that you would have sympathized with different people. When you find yourself reaching for a Kleenex and weeping, it's because you're reminded of something about yourself. I wanted that feeling of sympathy to free-float throughout the film. The idea [was], in that particular place, in that particular time, morality [was] a luxury. It was too difficult to live life, let alone try to be a moral kind of person.

Speaking of, there's a pretty intense flogging scene in the film. Was it supposed to be biblical?

No, [but] it was supposed to be the centerpiece of the film. Then *The Passion [of the Christ]* came out while we were writing it, and we were like, “Fuck.” John had to think of another way to do the flogging scene. You don't really see the flogging—you see the expressions on people's faces. The real image you get is the wringing out of the whip.

You declined an MTV Video Music Award nomination. What would happen if they nominated you for an Oscar?

You can decline things in the rock world and get away with it. In the film world, it's different. It would be very bad form for me to decline my Oscar nomination.

How far in are you on your new record?

A few lines. Songwriting is really hard and takes [me] a really, really long time—much longer than I think most songwriters take. It takes as long to write one song as it takes to write a film script.

Why is it so hard?

It's the whole thing of creating [something] original. Just sitting there, and nothing but stupidity and petty thoughts rattle around in your head [while you're] trying to write something that's meaningful.

You mentioned you wrote a second film. What is it about?

It's really funny, but I wouldn't call it a comedy. It's got a really dark heart. It's a chick flick ... an English, seaside, weepy sex romp. Basically, Ray Winstone and a huge cast of women.

TAYLOR'S PLAYLIST

The Foo Fighters' drummer, **Taylor Hawkins**, has a brand-new band and a snazzy list of favorite music.



- 1. Truth, by Jeff Beck**
Jeff Beck was God, not [Eric] Clapton. And Rod Stewart was cool ... if you can imagine that.
- 2. Queen, by Queen**
The beginning of greatness.
- 3. Superunknown, by Soundgarden**
One of the last good math-rock records.
- 4. "Cortez the Killer," by Neil Young**
[Crazy Horse] was the greatest, sloppiest band of all time, and Neil is a genius. But who cares what I have to say anyway?
- 5. Cherry Pie, by Warrant**
Just kidding.

- 6. Now Here Is Nowhere, by Secret Machines**
One of the bright futures of rock.
- 7. I Should Coco, by Supergrass**
Beach Boys on speed. Wait ... they probably were on speed.
- 8. Eagles: Their Greatest Hits (1971-1975), by the Eagles**
Reminds me of driving with my mother as a child. It's music's version of comfort food.
- 9. "Supper's Ready," by Genesis**
Totally, ridiculously awesome and lame, all at the same time.
- 10. Bitches Brew, by Miles Davis**
Some of the weirdest and most beautiful music ever made.

Check out the debut record from **Taylor Hawkins and the Coattail Riders**, out now.

COLLECTOR OF THE MONTH

Glenn Danzig is best known for fronting the Misfits in their hey-day, singing "Mother" when he went solo, and scaring people. But did you know he runs his own comics company and used to party with comics legend Jack Kirby? Of course you didn't!

When did you start collecting?

I was collecting since I was a little kid. Before Samhain or Danzig really made it, I used to sell Japanese toys and Golden Age comic books. That's how I financed some of the old Misfits 45's.

Did you ever dress up as a comic character for Halloween?

My friends and I didn't really have a lot of money back then to buy costumes. I think I stole someone's Batman mask.

Nice. What comics do you read?

I used to read *GloomiCookie*. I like *Promethea*, and I like Klarion the Witch-boy. He was the secondary character in a series that Jack Kirby started called *The Demon*.

What do you think of Kirby's work?

I loved Jack Kirby when I was a kid. I got to meet him and hang out with

him when I first moved to California.

What was that like?

It was great. He and his wife became my surrogate East Coast family. When you move [to Los Angeles] from the East Coast, it's like culture shock. I'd hang out with them, and look through artwork and hear stories. I could stay there till two in the morning.

I read once that you went to Marvel with your own comics.

I think it was when the Misfits first started. I brought the artwork there and never heard anything from them. Later on, I saw all my layouts and designs being used on other comics. It pissed me off, and I never applied to the company again.

What's the comics-based movie you're directing about?

Turn-of-the-century New Orleans voodoo. It's packed full of zombies, and there's a ritual where a girl has simulated sex with a snake.



UNDER THE RADAR



San Diego—home to an endless supply of coffeehouse singer/songwriters—has cultivated a particular standout for the past few years: **GREGORY PAGE**. The English transplant has a devoted following on the West Coast, and will release another brilliant collection of optimistic melancholy, *Daydreaming at Night*, next month. Have a listen at GregoryPage.com.